WARREN MAGAZINE

ALL NEW STORIES FEATURING THE BEST HORROR-ADVENTURE STARS

EERIE

EERIE #53

JAN. 1974

75¢ 563206 PDC

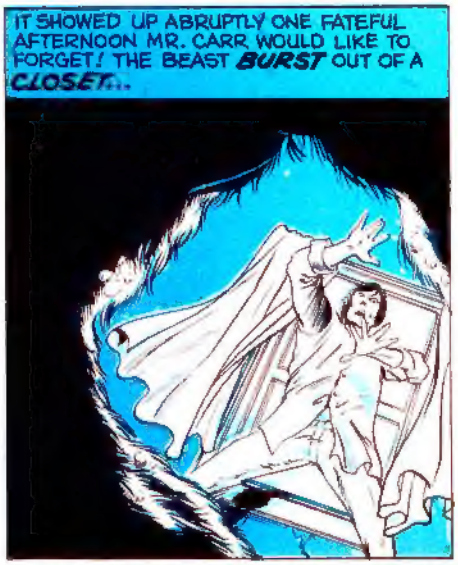
HIS MIND IS TRAPPED IN THE BODY OF A 2000-YEAR-OLD MUMMY...

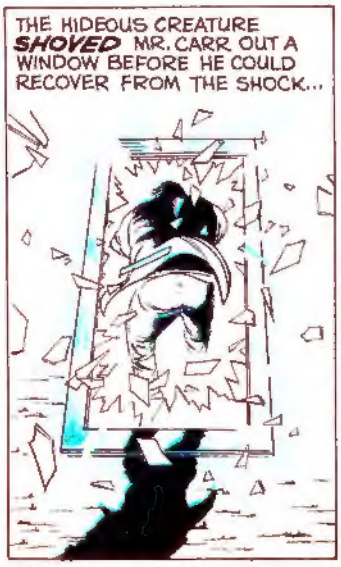
...AND THE BODY IS FORCING HIM TO DESTROY MEN...WOMEN... AND EVEN MONSTERS! "ENTER MR. HYDE" Page 7

PLUS: THE WEREWOLF RACES TO SAVE A WITCH FROM HER FIERY DOOM AT THE STAKE! Page 17

WELCOME, LITTLE GUYS AND GHOULS! HAVE WE GOT AN *EERIE* LINEUP OF SUPER-STARS FOR YOU THIS ISSUE! THE *MUMMY, WEREWOLF, HUNTER, SCHRECK* AND *FATHOM HAUNT* ROUND OUT AN ALL-STAR ISSUE! AND TO KICK IT OFF, HERE'S THE *TRUE* STORY OF THE...

WART MONSTER of TENNESSEE





STORY: DOUG MOENCH / ART: RICH BUCKLER and BILL DuBAY

CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER...

OUR COVER:
The 2000-year-old Egyptian corpse housing the mind of Jerome Curry, continues to wreck havoc...to kill, as he searches for the lost amulet of power. But this time he is up against a being as monstrous as himself. "Enter Mr. Hyde." Page 7.

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EERIE

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JANUARY 1974

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6 **THE EERIE EYE** A profile of cover artist *Sanjulian*, fanzine reviews, and for those of you who clamored for it, a *preview* of three new upcoming EERIE series.

7 **AND THE MUMMY WALKS** A 2000-year-old Egyptian *mummy* stalks the city streets! It has killed nine times now! Tonight, it will *kill* again! Enter, *Mr. Hyde!*

17 **CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF** He had just *slaughtered* a band of gypsies! Gypsies who cursed him with *memory!* He remembered he was a *werewolf*, his wife, a *witch!*

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37 **SCHRECK: NIGHT TERROR** When the Chinese moon base blew up, all hell broke loose! Radiation turned *sane* men into murderous *lunatics!* We call them *werewolves!*

49 **FATHOM HAUNT** They were beautiful! Pregnant! And they were *dead!* Yet, all three would give birth to hideous child-things that would *rise* up out of their *graves!*

66 **VAMPI AT THE COMICON** Blood drips from the hotel walls! And you see *vampires* on the stage! Don't worry! It's just the 1973 Annual Comic Art *Costume Parade!*

CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS: Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

"The Mummy, Werewolf and Dracula are marvelous!"

Congratulations on reaching the half-hundred mark on EERIE, my favorite **Warren** publication. The August issue had a superb line-up that could only have been enhanced by the return of EERIE's original artists, such as **Wally Wood**, **Al Williamson**, and **Frank Frazetta**. But it was an outstanding issue nevertheless.

Sanjulian's excellent cover, featuring a montage of EERIE's regular characters, illustrated perfectly the new tone and directions EERIE is taking. It summed up the spirit (?) of EERIE nicely.

Al Milgrom's "Curse of the Werewolf", as usual, was the best scripted tale of the issue, standing lengths above the werewolf saga published by another company. A question, though: why the absence of Messrs. **Bill DuBay** and **Richard Buckler** on the artwork? Not that **Martin Salvador's** graphics were not good, just less preferable to the others' efforts.

Thank you for forty-nine issues of artistic entertainment, and happy anniversary.

DARRELL B. STEPHENS
Valparaiso, Florida

I'm writing this letter to tell you how much I enjoyed ERRIE #48. To start with, the cover was, just as all covers by **Sanjulian**, the greatest! It made me anxious to see the "Werewolf" series itself.

But the third episode of "Dracula" really disappointed me. The first two with **Tom Sutton's** art was much better than the art of **Rich Buckler** and **Bill DuBay**. Why did you let them handle the story and art? Please give us **Tom Sutton** back.

The first installment of "The Mummy" made everything good again! **Jaime Brocal** is looking better all the time, and the story was great, too! Keep going with this series!

"Think of Me and I'll Be There" and "On a Stalking Moon-Lit Night" were both extremely fine and both were more than enough to satisfy my gore appetite. "The Resurection Man" was also very good.

It's with thanks to the Werewolf, Dracula and the Mummy that EERIE is passing up CREEPY, although I still think VAMPIRELLA is the **best**.

DANIEL COHEN
Amsterdam, Holland

Oog! Remind me to have a looong talk with you later, Daniel. You're so close to the truth . . . yet so far away.

Many readers noticed a difference in the art styles on our Werewolf series. Rich Buckler and Bill DuBay's art (left) drew readers' raves. While fans are reluctant to comment on Martin Salvador's art on the same series (right)!

I've waited this long before writing you about the current state of EERIE because I thought I might be seeing some improvement. That doesn't seem to be the case.

It has been five issues now since "Dracula" debuted in his own series, and I think it has been a failure. The most glaring fault is the art by **Tom Sutton**, who has yet to capture Dracula's essence. His version of Dracula leaves me empty. Dracula is a powerful, dynamic, **evil** character. One that **should**, properly rendered, be bigger than life itself.

Sutton needn't take all the blame; **Bill DuBay's** stories aren't impressive, either. **DuBay's** art, however, is a vast improvement over **Sutton**.

Dracula's been missing for two issues now. Does this mean he's been retired from EERIE? I hope so, at least until you can find someone to handle this strip right.

It looks like EERIE is being made into a kiddy title while VAMPIRELLA and CREEPY are for the more mature. In trying to give each of your titles a distinctive look you've left poor EERIE out in the snow. **Help** him!

I see **Warren** Publishing as something special in a field filled with mediocrity. If you continue with this policy you'll either be a hit or die a dishonorable death.

GARY KIMBER
Scarborough, Ontario

Concerning "The Secret of Pershiahz", Dax the Warrior's story in EERIE #50: Icarus, son of Daedelus, was the boy who flew too near the sun in an effort to escape the Isle of Crete on which they were imprisoned. The wings were fashioned from the feathers of gulls and wax. Upon nearing the sun, this wax melted and the boy fell into the sea and drowned.

Hmm, not by Dax, he didn't.

Perseus, on the other hand, was half god in that he was the son of Zeus. With the aid of the goddess Athene and of the god Hermes, cut off the head of one of the three Gorgon sisters, whose glance turned the beholder to stone. He rescued Andromeda from a sea serpent and married her.

Your writer and Dax had different ideas. Is it that difficult to follow "facts"?

I see **not** how Greek and Roman myths can possibly benefit your stories, but by Jove, you're doing it up royally!

JANE RICE
Washington, D.C.

The cover of EERIE #50 was superb! **Sanjulian** really outdid himself this time. The picture was very realistic, especially the portion with **Christopher Lee** as Dracula . . . which looked so real I could swear it was a **photograph**.

"The Mummy Walks" was good, although I think the idea itself of transferring one soul into the body of a perfectly preserved mummy is **ridiculous**! But it was a new and refreshing twist to the mummy legend, and I still enjoyed it.

"Satanna, Daughter of the Devil" was a different but excellent way to look upon the Dracula legend. I think you are the first magazine I have read to give an explanation to the origin of the fearful count. "Monarch's Return" and "The Lord's Wrath" were good, particularly the ending of the latter.

One of your best issues, Cuz; looking forward to #100.

SCOTT HERBERTSON
Ft. Collins, Colorado

In the years I have followed your magazine's growth, I have never previously written. Now, I've finally been prompted to do it.

I've never referred to your magazines as "comics"—they are **books** and nothing less. Your great staff amazes me with the quality work it turns out on such a regular basis. The 75¢ price tag is well-worth it! I do miss many of the past artists and writers, but we now have many new . . . very good ones. **Frank Frazetta** is gone; but we now have **Enrich** and **Sanjulian**, with their own distinctive styles.

The new Dracula, Werewolf, and Mummy series are marvelous ideas. This is indeed my chief prompter to buy your magazine.

The Mummy continues to wreck havoc, but now a more sympathetic view can be given. True, his mind is warped, but he still wants good in his life. You must pity him.

Arthur Lemming, werewolf, is my favorite character. His malady evokes sympathy . . . for his illness and the loss of his daughter and wife. I was sorry to see **Bill DuBay** and **Rich Buckler** leave the strip at first, but **Martin Salvador** is doing a fine job.

Dracula's birth as a vampire was a stunner. That sort of scripting is what's keeping fans like myself **loyal**!

Good Luck, EERIE, on your next fifty. I'll be with you all the way!

DOUG LAUR
Midland, Michigan

"But where has Tom Sutton gone?"

Reading your letters page in #50, **Richard Mayhew** had stated that an illustrated science-fiction magazine would be a good idea. **That it would!** I read **Warren** magazines regularly and enjoy them very much. A science-fiction mag would pretty well make the **Warren** line complete.

A science-fiction mag is very **much** in order. It seems that everywhere I look there are illustrated **horror** magazines, but nothing devoted exclusively to **S.F.** It's not that I don't like horror—I do—! But a change would be most welcome.

You could use your same artists and writers to start off, then experiment . . . with **new** talent!

We'll be **waiting**!

THE ARG
Houston, Texas

In EERIE #50 I thought "The Mummy Walks" was excellent and the art fantastic. "Curse of the Werewolf" was fine, but the ending was expected. **Martin Salvador** did a great job on the art. "Satanna, Daughter of Satan" was a drag. I just couldn't get into it. Very good art by the fantastic **Ramon Torrents**, however.

"The Lord's Wrath" was only so-so. The ending was good, but the art looked like something out of a fairy tale. "The Discipile" was better, but again the expected ending.

Your cover was absolutely **perfect**. The pictures of the Werewolf and Dracula showed great death . . . er, depth.

Got an idea: How about you guys start up a "Planet of the Apes" or "Dark Shadows" series with shock endings?

Well, gotta run now. And don't you worry about that grotesque wormy-faced long-legged weirdo Uncle Creepy. You've got him beat all to hades!

PETER GUMBRILL
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Whoever said that you ought to start up a science-fiction magazine must have been bitten by a rabid dog.

Don't misunderstand me, I think S.F. is great! But it belongs more in **paperbacks**. Science fiction makes for great reading, but I very much doubt that it can be made into an illustrated magazine satisfactorily. Horror is **escape**, but S.F. is too close to **reality**! Please stick to what you handle best: CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA.

EILEEN JOHNSON
New York City, New York

I wish to comment on and compare the fiftieth issues of CREEPY and EERIE. (I am a harsh critic only because I want you to be the **best** you **can** be.)

The covers of both issues were by **Sanjulian** and both were excellently done. No problem here. EERIE's special bonus, "The Creepy Crawley Castle Game" was positively delightful (more bonuses like that one!).

The stories in CREEPY #50, consisting of various types and lengths, were another matter, and as a whole I have to rate the issue a C+: not quite up to standards.

The initial EERIE story, "The Mind Within", had good art by **Jaime Brocal**, although I've seen him do better. The story was good, with a meaty twist ending. "This Evil Must Die", the Werewolf chapter, was very good. "Satanna, Daughter of Satan" was also very good, helped immensely by **Ramon Torrents'** artwork. **Torrents** looks to be one of your top men, if he isn't at the top by himself **already**. The other stories weren't quite as good, but all in all your fiftieth issue beats out CREEPY's all hollow!

Live long and prosper!

WILLIAM MOWERSON
Tappan, New York

I don't get to read EERIE too often, but when I do get them I read the stories over and over again. Especially EERIE #50. I was "shocked" when I read "Satanna, Daughter of Satan." It made my blood run cold. The ending was really terrifying.

I would like to thank each and every writer and artist who contributed so much to make this fine, fine issue of EERIE. You know, you guys are really super-talented. A little weird, but really super-talented. I love you all.

FRANCES L. JACKSON
Memphis, Tennessee

There! Somebody with TASTE!

EERIE #51 was fantastic! What I really like about your special issue in particular is the chance we get to compare the old stories with the more recent ones, and see how much the quality has shot . . . **upwards**.

But on the cover, Cuz . . . where did you get those clothes? They're about 200 years out of style!

RICHARD ARTHUR
Winnipeg, Canada

I got them from Daniel Cohen, the tasteless clown.

Again a comparison. Tom Sutton's initial artwork (left) on our Dracula series, seems to be the hands down favorite of EERIE readers. Messrs. Buckler and DuBay received much criticism for their version of the Prince of Darkness (right)!

This is the first time I've picked up one of your magazines, and I think it's the very best magazine I've ever bought. Liked most of all the "Creepy Crawley Castle Game". My friends and I have really had a ball with it.

GORDY LANGLIE
Fargo, North Dakota

I have one question to ask: What happened to "Coffin, the Man Without a Past"? You had him in your preview page for EERIE #50, but when I looked HE WASN'T THERE!! I even looked down in the corners and in between the lines to see if it was there, but no go! How come?

Anyway, I dig on your Mummy, Dracula, and Werewolf stories.

DAVID GUESS
Brandon, Florida

Glad you like our series, David. Coffin will be upon your sharp eyes before you can say #@$%¢&!

Wow, you guys are really listening to us fans, aren't you? I never thought I'd see the day when you'd ask that beautiful question. **Yes!** We **want** a science-fiction mag! It's too darn **hard** looking through our piles of EERIES to get up a good collection of science fiction stories. A lot of us comic fans just love S.F., and the all too rare emergence of good S.F. stories in CREEPY, EERIE, and VAMPIRELLA just isn't enough. Those old horror fans seem like they can get their blood down, but we S.F. buffs are starving for green cheese and must be satisfied with the morsels thrown us by the **Warren** staff. (The other companies? Forget it!)

Warren is the first in everything else he does. Why can't he be "The First and Best in Illustrated Science-Fiction"?

Pretty please?

DARREL CREAMER
Redwood City, California

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL WHO'S THE FATTEST OF THEM ALL?

Believe it or not, old Cuz' is sensitive about all that extra weight! He'd like to hear from some sympathetic readers! Give Cousin EERIE a shoulder to cry on. Write:

DEAR COUSIN EERIE
c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

The EERIE EYE

FIRST TESTAMENT OF A MASTER ARTIST:

SANJULIAN

A WILL WITH A FAR BETTER WAY!

Sanjulian has the distinction of pulling off what every other artist strives for ... but few achieve: **He has mastered his craft!** Inside-out, upside-down, horizontally and vertically, it cannot be denied that **Sanjulian** is the all-time **greatest** Warren cover-artist!

Born thirty-two years ago in Barcelona, Spain, **Sanjulian** put his talents to use early. He was 16 when he began working in his spare time at the publicity offices of 20th Century Fox, painting billboards for movies, writing and editing film promotions for newspapers, and designing press-books. It was here, says **Sanjulian**, that he discovered his real love. He had to become a **master-painter**.

In 1961, he left his job with Fox and entered the Superior School of Art in San Jorge, Spain. There he learned the importance of **color, natural design**, and most important, **anatomy**, his favorite subject. Anywhere in Spain you'll find works represented at one of the many collector's **exhibits**.

He continues studying his craft in earnest, and is continually improving his awesome style.

Today, **Sanjulian** paints paperback book covers for **Dell, Avon, Signet,** and many others on a continual basis.

His first work for the **Warren** magazines graced the cover of VAMPIRELLA #12. He's done almost **twenty-five** covers for CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA since that time, becoming the first and foremost **Warren** cover artist today!

A former Merchant Marine, holding a bachelor's degree in art, **Sanjulian's** favorite pastime is **movies**, but he also collects anything on **art**. His favorite artist is **Hal Foster**, legendary creator of the Prince Valiant Sunday comic strip.

Twin examples of Sanjulian's master touch.

PREVIEW: 3 NEW WARREN SERIES

All right, you win! Ever since we started our new **rotating** series, we've been swamped with requests/**demands** to see a preview of some of our **upcoming** features. So here you are, **three** of them, coming **soon** in the pages of EERIE and VAMPIRELLA. Watch for them!

CHILD

His father created him from bits and pieces of animal skin, vowing to the heavens that he would have a **son**. And one stormy night it happened. The child-thing arose and took **life!** Writer **Greg Potter** pulls off a fantastic new twist on the Dr. Frankenstein scheme, with art by **Jim Stenstrum.** (Wha?? Thought he was a **writer?**)

PANTHA

She's black, she's beautiful, she's **deadly.** She's like nothing else you've ever seen. Stalking the streets of New York during the turn of the century, the panther-woman must kill **nightly**, or **die** by the curse that created her. Script by old-pro **Steve Skeates**, aided by the eeriest artist around, **Auraleon.**

FREAKS

Just before the depression these people lived, a group of freaks desperately searching for survival. Maligned by society, hunted by humanity, the Freaks have stopped running. Now, **they** attack! **Bill Dubay** returns to the drawing board after an all too long absence ... with scripting by **Warren** super-star, **Doug Moench.**

FANZINE REVIEWS

IMAGINATION
138-06 78 Road
Flushing, NY 11367
$1.50

Imagination is true to its title in many respects. The magazine sports a front color cover by Warren alumnus **Gray Morrow**, plus interiors by **Jeff Jones** and **Neal Adams**. The formula is basically potpourri, consisting of highly entertaining odds and ends (such as an unpublished daily strip by **Neal Adams**) and a fine 3-page piece on wizardry by **Mike Kaluta**. **Berni Wrightson** fans will have a ball with his "Conjure Woman" contribution, about a witch with the right ingredients. **Imagination** it's full of, and all in all its visions are admirable. **Imagination** is a one-shot venture, likely to be selling fast, so if you have the coin, get onto this one.

FRIGHT & FANTASY
315 Rushton Rd.
Toronto, 10, Ontario
60¢

Film buffs are very strange people. They enjoy doing very strange things. Like publishing fanzines. The quality of this gender of amateur publication is varied, as are all amateur projects. **Fright & Fantasy**, happily, is more than just a half-hearted effort. The book is filled with pictures and illustrations throughout its 36 pages, and the articles are both written and researched with an obvious love for film art. The lengthy article on the Hammer **Dracula** and **Frankenstein** series is in no small way entertaining, with authoritative analysis and breakdowns. **F&F** is not without its blatant flaws, but for 60¢, live a little!

WONDERWORLD
P.O. Box 16168
Long Beach, CA 90806
75¢

There are three or four magazines of this sort, dealing with indepth articles on the creators and the products of the graphic story field. **Wonderworld**, formerly **Graphic Story World**, is in front of the lot. Going beyond the usual specialized articles which cater to bespangled super-heroes and sadistic barbarians, **Wonderworld** reaches into the lives and creations of the new innovators as well as keeping tabs on the old guard. All aspects of the graphic story field are here at your ready fingertips: issue #9 containing a biographical sketch of artist-writer-innovator, **Richard Corben** just for starters. Urgently recommended. You won't find better.

AND THE MUMMY WALKS!

STORY: STEVE SKEATES / ART: JAIME BROCAL

SOME SAY THAT KNOWLEDGE AND POWER GO HAND-IN-HAND, AND THAT ***KNOWLEDGE*** IS POWER. STRENGTH, FORCE AND DOMINION COME IN MANY STRANGE AND TWISTED FORMS.

THROUGH LEARNING OF A CERTAIN KIND OF KNOWLEDGE OF EGYPTOLOGY, A WARPED AND "LOWLY" MAN NAMED ***JEROME CURRY*** HAS OBTAINED AN AWESOME AND UN-BELIEVABLE POWER! BUT HE HAS PAID A ***TERRIBLE PRICE*** FOR HIS NEW POSSESSION.

SOON, ANOTHER MAN WHO DOES NOT EVEN SEEK POWER, A SCHOLARLY AND DEDICATED SCIENTIST WHO PURSUES ONLY KNOWLEDGE, SHALL GAIN HIS OWN BRAND OF INCREDIBLE POWER. AND HE TOO SHALL PAY HIS HIDEOUS DUES!

ENTER: MR HYDE

A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE, DESIGNED TO FRIGHTEN ANY POTENTIAL OPPONENT... TO FREEZE HIM IN FEAR, AND MAKE THE *KILL* THAT MUCH EASIER! A PURPOSELESS PLOY, IN THIS INSTANCE...

THE CLOSET DOOR IS OPEN... AND WITHIN IT, A FEW CLOTHES AND MANY BARE HANGERS, STILL SWINGING IN ERRATIC RHYTHMS, THANKS TO MY FORCEFUL ENTRANCE...

THESE HANDS ARE HARD TO WORK WITH. IT IS *HARD* TO *GRASP* AND *HOLD* THINGS, BUT STILL I SEARCH, IN HOPES OF FINDING THE AMULET...

A NOTEBOOK. A DIARY OF SORTS. I READ IT, AND... YES, THERE IS MENTION OF THE AMULET! SHE *DOES* HAVE IT! HAS IT *WITH* HER! PERHAPS, THERE IS ALSO A MENTION OF WHERE SHE HAS GONE...

THIS IS THE CITY... *BOSTON*, AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY... A CITY CAUGHT IN THE THROES OF RAPID GROWTH... INDUSTRIALIZATION... EXPERIMENTATION! NOW MOST OF THE CITY SLEEPS, WHILE YOU SEARCH AND READ, PONDER AND PLAN. YET, CREATURE, YOU ARE NOT THE *ONLY* ONE WHO IS UP AND ABOUT THIS NIGHT. THERE ARE ALSO *OTHER FORCES* AT WORK HERE THIS NIGHT...

SCIENCE... SYSTEMATIZED KNOWLEDGE DERIVED FROM OBSERVATION, STUDY, AND EXPERIMENTATION. RESEARCH. GROPING FOR THE NEW, GROPING FOR THAT WHICH WILL MAKE THIS A BETTER WORLD...

WARREN, DEAR, I DON'T MEAN TO *COMPLAIN*... OR *PRY*...

BUT... DO YOU PLAN TO BE AT THIS *ALL NIGHT*?

DEDICATION... WORKING LATE INTO THE NIGHT, THOUGH HIS YOUNG WIFE, THE SENSITIVE YOUNG WOMAN HE TOOK AS HIS BRIDE BUT A FEW MONTHS PAST, OBVIOUSLY HAS *OTHER PLANS*...

SORRY, DEAR! BUT I'M SO *CLOSE* NOW!

I JUST *CAN'T* GIVE UP FOR THE NIGHT! NOT *NOW*!

MY *HEART* JUST WOULDN'T BE *IN* ANYTHING ELSE!

LONGEVITY... THAT MAN MAY LIVE PERHAPS EVEN TWICE AS LONG AS IS CONSIDERED THE NORMAL LIFE-SPAN...

JUST *THINK*! EVEN IF I'M ONLY A *PARTIAL* SUCCESS...

...IF I CAN DISCOVER A WAY TO ALLOW MAN TO LIVE *FIVE* OR *TEN* YEARS LONGER THAN HE NOW DOES... WHAT A *FIND* THAT WILL BE!

BUT, DEAR...

PERHAPS GOD NEVER *MEANT* FOR US TO LIVE ANY LONGER THAN WE DO NOW!

PERHAPS AN ORDINARY LIFE SPAN IS ALL WE MORTALS CAN *COPE* WITH!

PLEASE, SARAH, WE'VE DISCUSSED THAT ALL *BEFORE*!

GOD GAVE US OUR BRAINS SO THAT WE *CAN* LEARN... *CAN* DISCOVER!

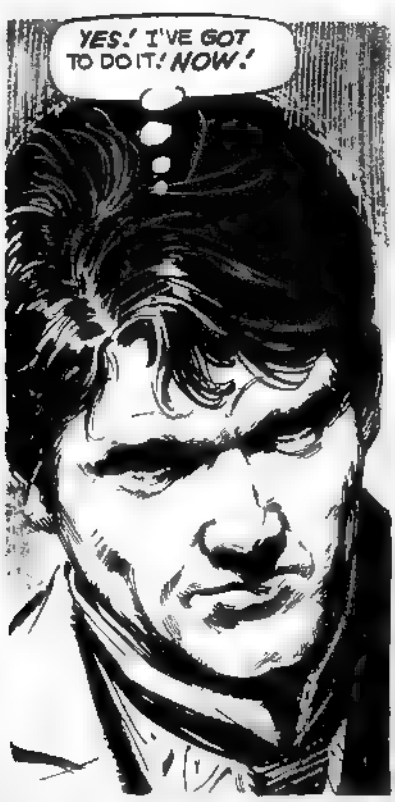
NOW, *PLEASE*, RUN ALONG TO BED! *I'LL* BE UP LATER!

YES... *MUCH* LATER, I SUSPECT!

AWW, WHY AM I DOING ALL THIS BLASTED RESEARCH, ALL THESE STUPID COMPUTATIONS?
I ALREADY HAVE THE ANSWER!

I'VE HAD IT FOR YEARS AND YEARS!
THANKS TO MY SERUM, THIS GUINEA PIG HAS LIVED EIGHT YEARS SO FAR... TWICE ONE'S NORMAL LIFE SPAN!
AND IT'S WORKING ON THESE OTHER ANIMALS, TOO!

ALL I NEED NOW IS A HUMAN TO TEST IT ON! YET, I DON'T WANT TO ENDANGER ANY MAN'S LIFE!
STILL, ALL THIS FURTHER RESEARCH IS GETTING ME NOWHERE! I'VE... I'VE...


YES! I'VE GOT TO DO IT! NOW!

EH?

ONE IMPULSIVE MOMENT, *DESTROYING* YEARS AND YEARS OF LABORIOUS TRAINING. THE SERUM DID NOT *CHANGE* THE OTHER ANIMALS...PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY WERE NOT OF SUPERIOR *INTELLIGENCE*, BUT IT DOES CHANGE *HIM! TRANSFORMATION*...GONE IS THE DEDICATED SCIENTIST, AS EVERY FORMERLY SUPPRESSED, BESTIAL INSTINCT, EVERY DARK, ANCESTRAL DESIRE *SURFACES*, SNUFFING OUT ALL THAT CAUSED THIS MAN TO ONCE BE CONSIDERED *"CIVILIZED"*...

THIS STRANGE, PAINTED CREATURE...THIS, HIS DELICATE PREY ...THIS THING THAT CRIES OUT... BAYING LIKE THE WOUNDED ANIMAL IT IS!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
HE KNOWS NOT THE REASON FOR IT... HE KNOWS ONLY THAT SHE MUST DIE!!
SO FINGERS THAT ONCE PERFORMED DELICATE EXPERIMENTS NOW TEAR HUMAN FLESH AND SILENCE A WOMAN FOREVER!
RIPPPPP
IT IS DONE! AND NOW HE FEELS IT...TRULY FEELS IT...THE HEADY SENSATION OF POWER TRIUMPHANT! AND, AT LAST, HE KNOWS HIS REASON FOR BEING ...TO CRUSH...TO KILL...TO BE SUPREME! NOW HE HAS STRENGTH...NOW HE IS SUPERIOR!
HE LEAVES HER...TO AGAIN PROWL AIMLESSLY DOWN DARKENED STREET...TO AGAIN SEARCH FOR PREY. TRULY A BEAST GONE MAD, NO LONGER KNOWING NOR CARING WHERE HIS HOME MIGHT BE!
AGAIN, HE FINDS AND STALKS HIS VICTIM...
...AND, KNOWING NEITHER FEAR NOR MERCY, STRIKES WITH THE SILENT SWIFTNESS OF A CAT!

BUT THIS ONE DOES NOT FALL...DOES NOT CRINGE... AND CRY OUT...

INSTEAD, HE STRIKES OUT WITH EQUAL FORCE!

A CHALLENGE... A CHALLENGE THAT MUST BE MET.! THE BEAST WHO ONCE WAS A SCIENTIST, FEELING HIS SUPREMACY THREATENED, SNARLS AND CHARGES...

AND SO IT BEGINS! TWO CREATURES OF UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH, SMASHING...

...TEARING...

... GROPING...

...UNTIL A PAIR OF BANDAGED HANDS FINDS ITS GOAL...A VISE-LIKE GRIP, TIGHTENING, TIGHTENING, REFUSING TO YIELD...

...UNTIL...
YES, THIS IS THE CITY... BOSTON, AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY... A CITY OF EXPERIMENTATION... A CITY WHERE EXPERIMENTS OFTEN GO AWRY AND DEATH COMES EASY, EVEN AS OTHERS SLEEP. NOW, YOU ALONE, CREATURE, STARE DOWN AT THIS LIFELESS BODY. YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO SEES HIS FEATURES TWIST AND SOFTEN, CHANGING TO THOSE OF AN ORDINARY MAN.
AND SIMPLY, YOU RECALL A TALE YOU READ LONG AGO...THE STORY OF AN ILL-FATED SCIENTIST IN ENGLAND...THE STORY OF DR. JECKYL AND MR. HYDE! THEN YOU TURN AWAY.
NO! I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO WONDER ABOUT HIM! GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO!
HE CERTAINLY MADE A MESS OUT OF THE CLOTHES I JUST STOLE!
IT WAS A BATTLE NEARLY WORTH YOUR METTLE, YET IT IS SOON ALL BUT FORGOTTEN AS YOU CONCERN YOURSELF WITH WHAT LIES AHEAD! IT WASN'T HARD TO OBTAIN CLOTHES BEFORE...AND THAT WON'T BE THIS TIME EITHER!
CRAASH
THIS ONE'S A MORE EXPENSIVE CLOTHING STORE!
BUT EXPENSIVE CLOTHES OR CHEAP CLOTHES...IT MATTERS LITTLE!

NOW I *AGAIN* HAVE UNTORN CLOTHES ON MY BACK, A HAT PULLED DOWN OVER MY *FACE*, AND I HAVE ALREADY SPILLED *COLOGNE* ALL OVER THIS DISGUSTING *BODY* OF MINE TO OFFSET ITS *STENCH OF DECAY*...

BETTER GET *MOVING*.!

AS I REMEMBER, THE FREIGHT YARDS AREN'T *TOO* FAR AHEAD NOW.!

NOW I SHALL BE ABLE TO MOVE FREELY AMONG ORDINARY MEN! STILL, TAKING A *PASSENGER* TRAIN WOULD BE TAKING TOO MANY *UNNECESSARY* CHANCES.!

HERE WE GO.!

THERE ARE MUCH BETTER, MORE INCONSPICUOUS WAYS FOR SOMEONE LIKE *ME* TO TRAVEL...

YOW.! NEARLY PULLED MY *ARM* OFF.!

NOT *THAT* IT WOULD BE MUCH OF A LOSS.!

AND TRAVEL I *MUST*...FOR HER DIARY HAS TOLD ME WHERE THE GIRL I SEEK HAS GONE...WHERE I MUST GO...

DON'T *DARE* WAIT UNTIL SHE RETURNS.! SOMETHING MIGHT *HAPPEN* TO THE AMULET IN THE MEANTIME.!

I'VE *GOT* TO GET IT BACK... *NOW*.!

DISSOLVE, THEN FADE IN AS THE SUN RISES IN BOSTON, AND AS MEN WHO HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT HE BECAME, FIND THE SLAIN SCIENTIST....

HEY.! LOOK AT *THIS*.! A *POCKET*.! MUST HAVE BEEN RIPPED OFF THE *MURDERER'S SUIT*.!

...TER, HE HAS THE SAME *GRAY DIRT* ON HIS NECK, ALL RIGHT.! THIS IS THE *NINTH* MURDER THIS MANIAC'S COMMITTED.!

ANOTHER TWIST OF THE KNIFE OF FATE...

THERE ARE *PAPERS* IN IT.!

A *DIARY* OF A YOUNG GIRL...! COULD SHE BE THE THE ONE WHO *MURDERED* THIS MAN... OR IS SHE THE KILLER'S NEXT *VICTIM*.?

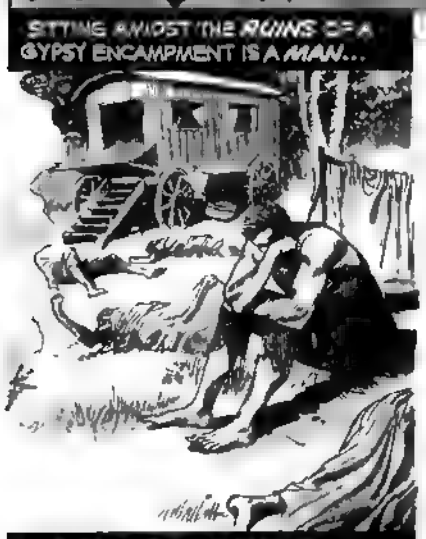
NEXT: *VILLAGE OF THE INSANE*

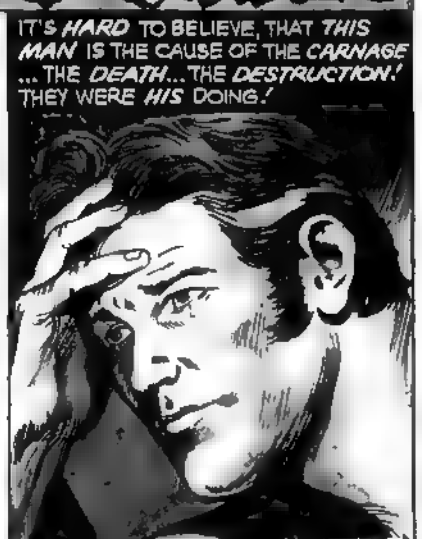
CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF!

ARTHUR LEMMING IS A MAN BURDENED WITH THE HORRIBLE CURSE OF *LYCANTHROPY.'* UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON HE CHANGES INTO A *BLOOD-HUNGRY HUMAN WOLF.*

BUT FOR ONCE HE FINDS THAT HIS AWFUL CURSE *MAY* BE A *BLESSING.'* HIS *WIFE,* UNJUSTLY ACCUSED OF *WITCHCRAFT,* IS SENTENCED TO BE *BURNED AT THE STAKE.* NOW, ONLY THE AWESOME, SAVAGE POWER OF THE *WEREWOLF* IS SUFFICIENT...

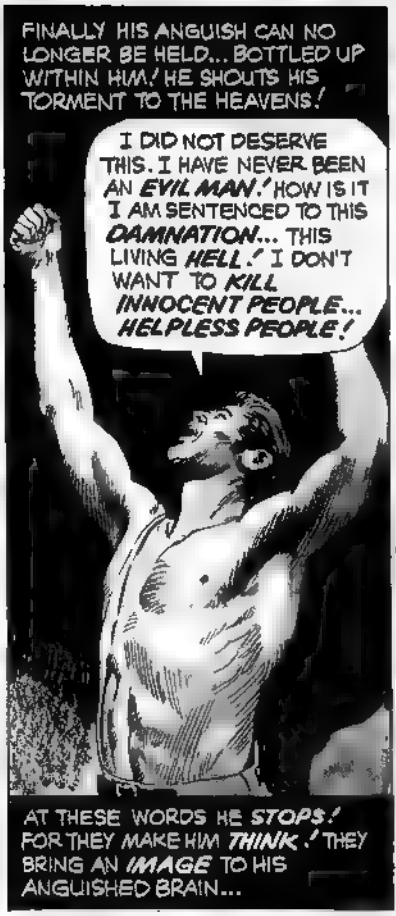
TO SAVE A WITCH'S SOUL!



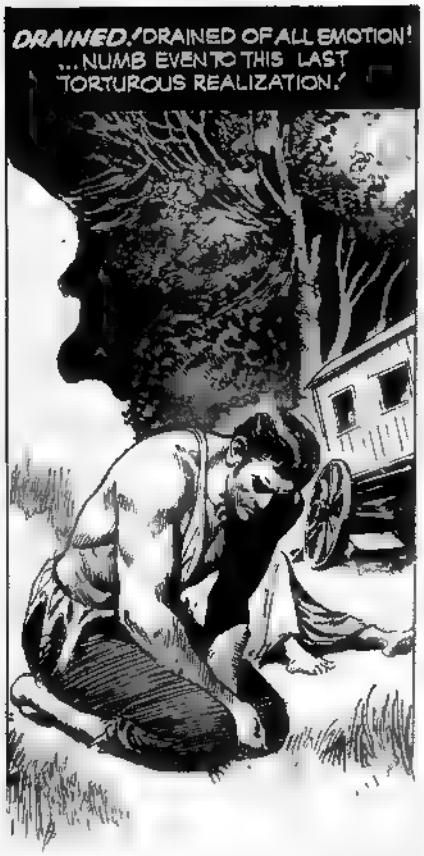


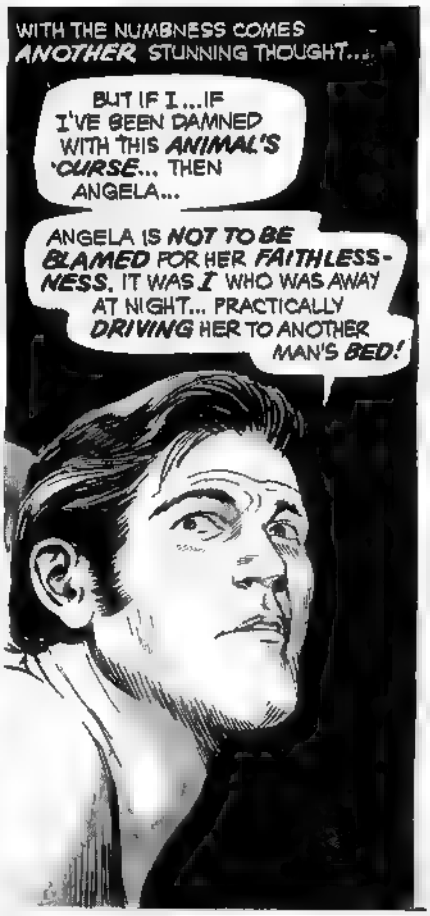
STORY: ALLEN MILGROM / ART: MARTIN SALVADOR

FOR THE MAN, ARTHUR LEMMING IS ALSO A BEAST. A WEREWOLF! SAVAGE AND BASE AS ANY RAVAGING CANINE! BUT FAR MORE DEADLY THAN ANY NATURAL WOLF COULD BE.
ONCE HE WAS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF HIS CURSE! BUT NOW DAMNED BY A VENGEFUL GYPSY, HE KNOWS! HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS! AND THE REALIZATION IS NOT AN EASY ONE TO FACE...

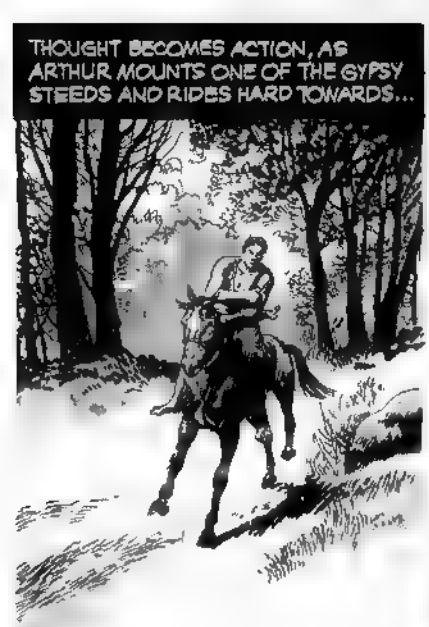

FINALLY HIS ANGUISH CAN NO LONGER BE HELD... BOTTLED UP WITHIN HIM! HE SHOUTS HIS TORMENT TO THE HEAVENS!
I DID NOT DESERVE THIS. I HAVE NEVER BEEN AN EVIL MAN! HOW IS IT I AM SENTENCED TO THIS DAMNATION... THIS LIVING HELL! I DON'T WANT TO KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE... HELPLESS PEOPLE!
AT THESE WORDS HE STOPS! FOR THEY MAKE HIM THINK! THEY BRING AN IMAGE TO HIS ANGUISHED BRAIN...

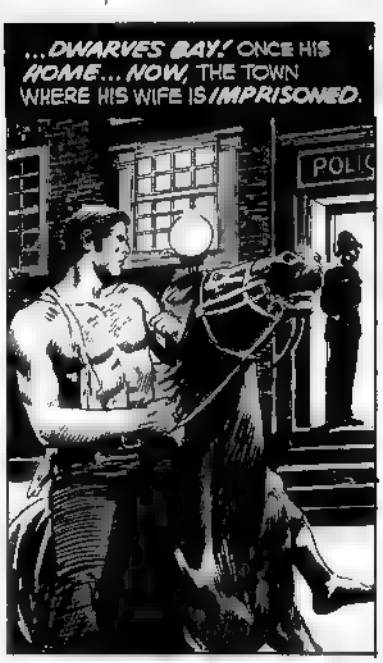
...THE IMAGE OF ONE WHOSE HELPLESS INNOCENCE WAS ESPECIALLY CHERISHED BY THIS MAN... HIS PRECIOUS DAUGHTER MERIAM.
MERIAM... MY GOD I... KILLED... MERIAM.


DRAINED! DRAINED OF ALL EMOTION! ...NUMB EVEN TO THIS LAST TORTUROUS REALIZATION!


WITH THE NUMBNESS COMES ANOTHER STUNNING THOUGHT...
BUT IF I...IF I'VE BEEN DAMNED WITH THIS ANIMAL'S CURSE... THEN ANGELA...
ANGELA IS NOT TO BE BLAMED FOR HER FAITHLESSNESS. IT WAS I WHO WAS AWAY AT NIGHT... PRACTICALLY DRIVING HER TO ANOTHER MAN'S BED!

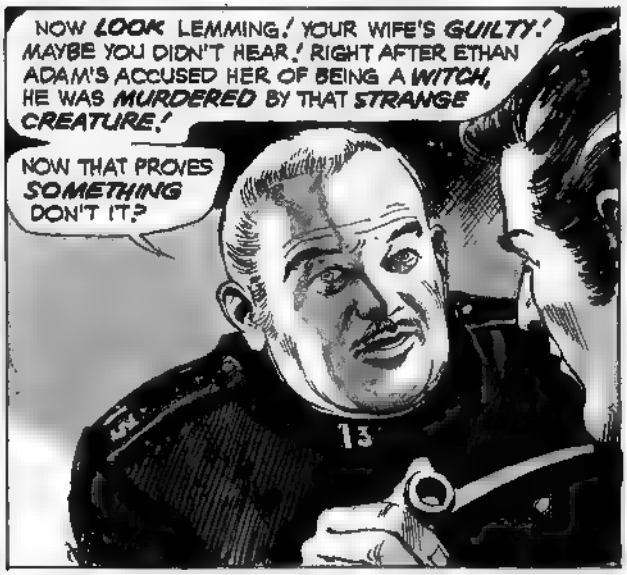
I CANNOT CHANGE WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE! BUT I CAN TRY TO MAKE SOME RESTITUTION!
EVEN NOW ANGELA STANDS UNJUSTLY ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT! THIS TOO, BECAUSE OF MY CURSE! I MUST HELP HER!!

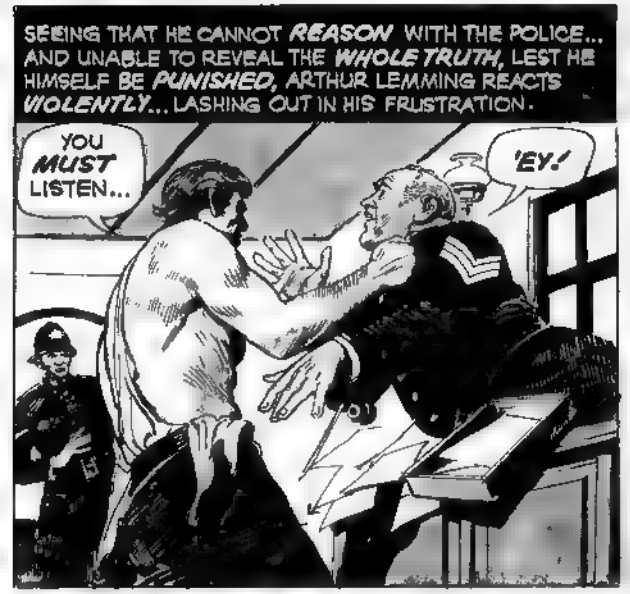

THOUGHT BECOMES ACTION, AS ARTHUR MOUNTS ONE OF THE GYPSY STEEDS AND RIDES HARD TOWARDS...


...DWARVES BAY! ONCE HIS HOME... NOW, THE TOWN WHERE HIS WIFE IS IMPRISONED.

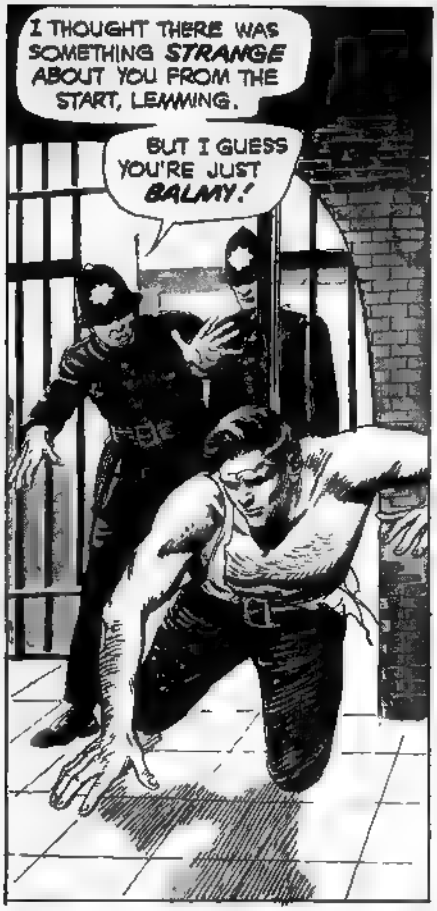
BUT SERGEANT, MY WIFE IS INNOCENT! THEY'RE PLANNING TO BURN HER AND SHE HAS DONE NOTHING WRONG!!

SORRY, LEMMING! BUT THE TOWN'S PRETTY UPSET, WHAT WITH THE MURDERS AND ALL! THEY'VE DECIDED YOUR WIFE IS GUILTY AND THAT SHE'S GOT TO PAY FOR THE EVIL THAT'S BEEN DONE!
I CAN'T HELP YOU!!
BUT...


NOW LOOK LEMMING! YOUR WIFE'S GUILTY! MAYBE YOU DIDN'T HEAR! RIGHT AFTER ETHAN ADAM'S ACCUSED HER OF BEING A WITCH, HE WAS MURDERED BY THAT STRANGE CREATURE!
NOW THAT PROVES SOMETHING DON'T IT?


SEEING THAT HE CANNOT REASON WITH THE POLICE... AND UNABLE TO REVEAL THE WHOLE TRUTH, LEST HE HIMSELF BE PUNISHED, ARTHUR LEMMING REACTS VIOLENTLY... LASHING OUT IN HIS FRUSTRATION.
YOU MUST LISTEN...
'EY!

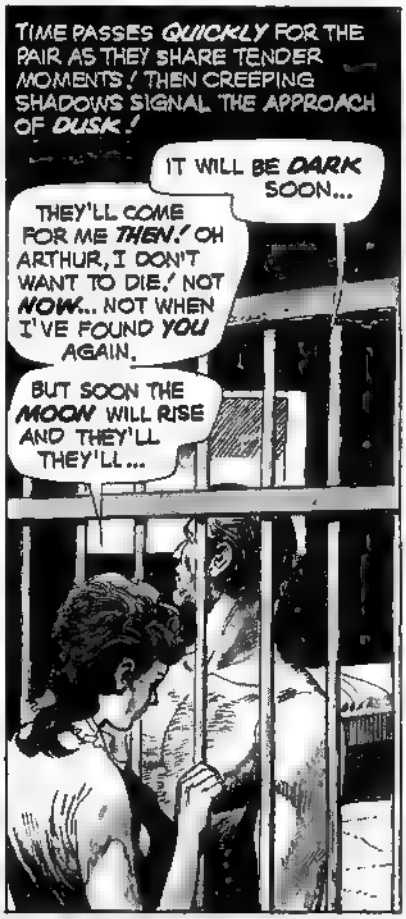
THAT'S ENOUGH, LEMMING! THERE'S A JAIL CELL FOR YOU, NOW!


I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT YOU FROM THE START, LEMMING.
BUT I GUESS YOU'RE JUST BALMY!

ARTHUR... IS THAT YOU?

WHIRLING AT THE SOUND OF A FAMILIAR VOICE, ARTHUR LEMMING CONFRONTS
ANGELA!
GOD, ANGELA, CAN YOU FORGIVE ME? I ACCUSED YOU OF BEING UNFAITHFUL! BUT I KNOW NOW IT WAS MY FAULT! ALL MY FAULT.

ARTHUR... OH ARTHUR.
FOR THE TIME, THERE IS NO NEED FOR MORE WORDS.


TIME PASSES QUICKLY FOR THE PAIR AS THEY SHARE TENDER MOMENTS! THEN CREEPING SHADOWS SIGNAL THE APPROACH OF DUSK!
IT WILL BE DARK SOON...
THEY'LL COME FOR ME THEN! OH ARTHUR, I DON'T WANT TO DIE! NOT NOW... NOT WHEN I'VE FOUND YOU AGAIN.
BUT SOON THE MOON WILL RISE AND THEY'LL THEY'LL...

THEY'LL DO NOTHING! I SWEAR IT, ANGELA, SOMEHOW I'LL STOP THEM...
...EVEN IF IT TAKES THE FULL MOON TO HELP ME STOP THEM...

JUST AS SHE HAD *PREDICTED*, A *MOB* OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE COME TO FETCH ANGELA LEMMING OUT OF HER CELL! WHILE HER HUSBAND LOOKS ON IN HELPLESS *RAGE*...

GET HER! GET THE WITCH!

SHE'LL PAY FOR *HER SINS NOW!*

BURNING'S TOO GOOD FOR *HER!*

HIS *RAGE* GROWS *STRONGER*...

WHAT'S THE MATTER LEMMING? AFRAID TO SEE THE *WITCH BURN?*

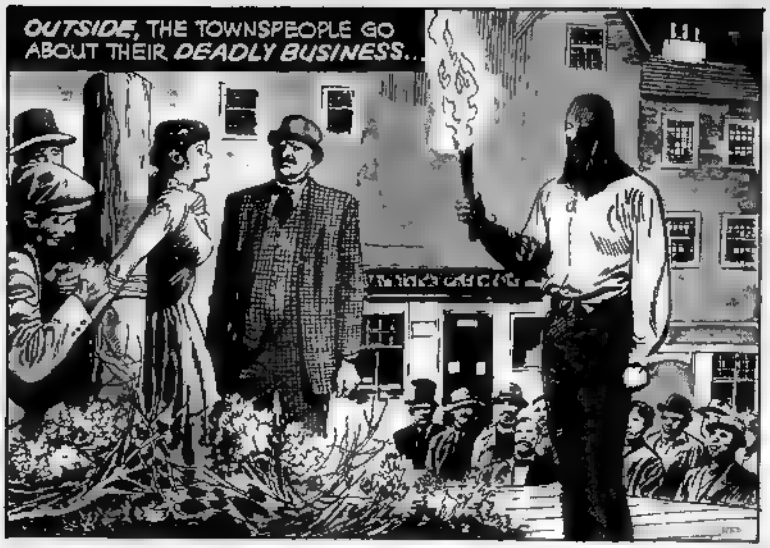
JUST THOUGHT I'D PAYYA' QUICK VISIT BEFORE I GO TO WATCH THE *BURNING*...

HIS *RAGE* IS STOKED AND FANNED INTO A *GLOWING INFERNO*...

...BY THE LIGHT OF THE *FULL AUTUMN MOON*.

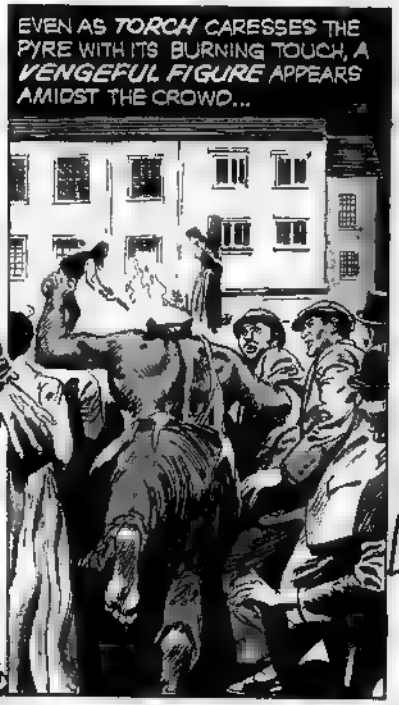
GASP.

AAAARRRGGGGHHH!!!


OUTSIDE, THE TOWNSPEOPLE GO ABOUT THEIR DEADLY BUSINESS...

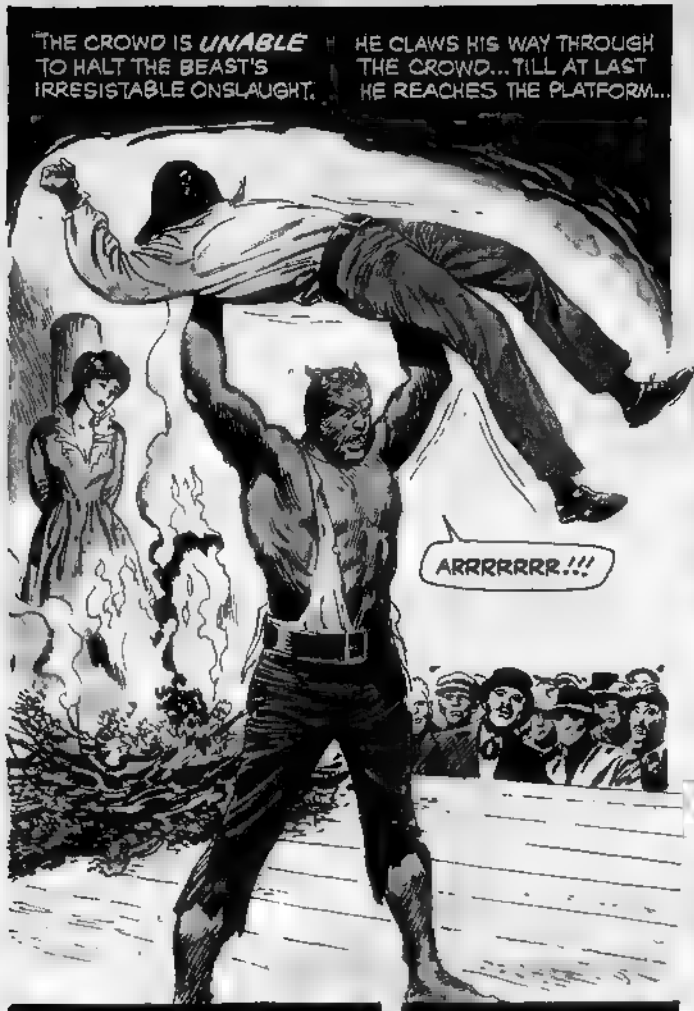
NOW WITCH, BY ALL THAT IS HOLY I CONDEMN YOU TO BURN... BURN BY THE RIGHTEOUS, CLEANSING FIRES...

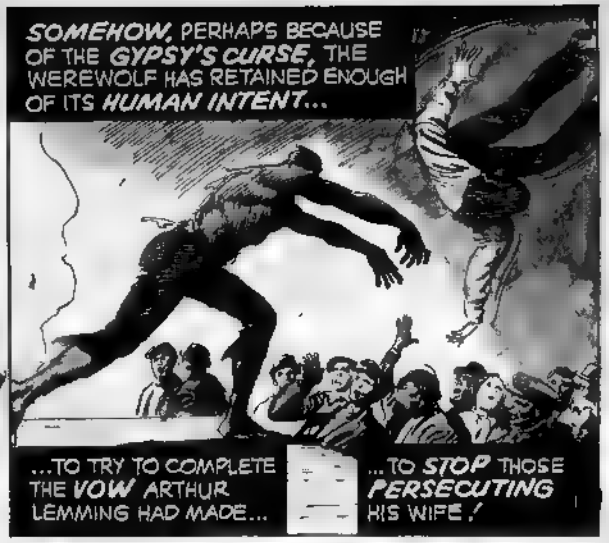
BURN!


EVEN AS TORCH CARESSES THE PYRE WITH ITS BURNING TOUCH, A VENGEFUL FIGURE APPEARS AMIDST THE CROWD...

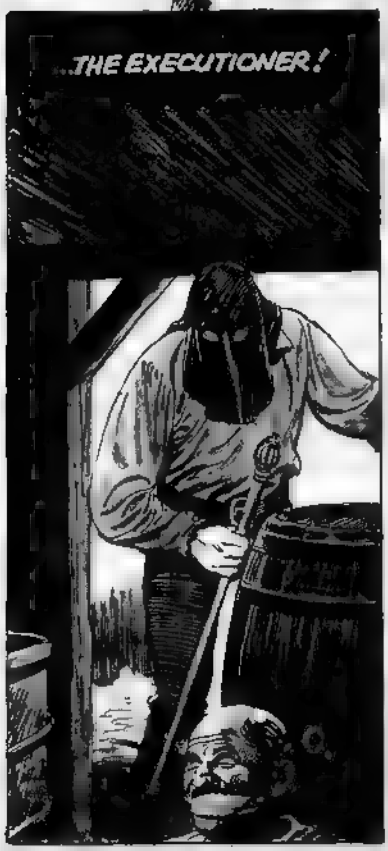
AAWWOOOLLLOO

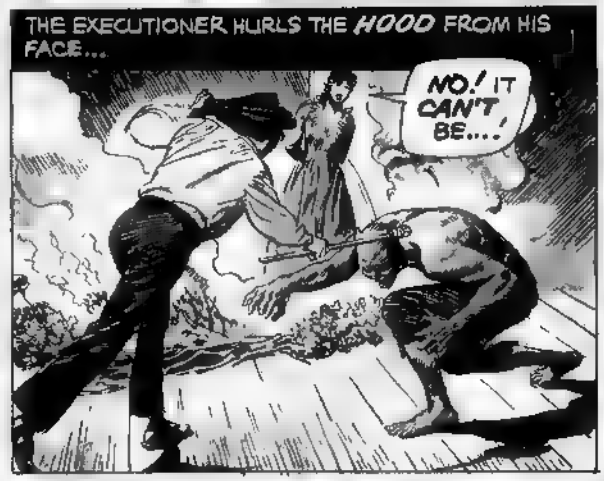
THE CROWD FALLS LIKE RIPE WHEAT BEFORE A SICKLE, AS THE MONSTER SLASHES TOWARDS THE STAKE...
A MONSTER! THE WITCH HAS SUMMONED A MONSTER TO SAVE HER!


THE CROWD IS UNABLE TO HALT THE BEAST'S IRRESISTABLE ONSLAUGHT.
HE CLAWS HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD...TILL AT LAST HE REACHES THE PLATFORM...
ARRRRRRR!!!


SOMEHOW, PERHAPS BECAUSE OF THE GYPSY'S CURSE, THE WEREWOLF HAS RETAINED ENOUGH OF ITS HUMAN INTENT...
...TO TRY TO COMPLETE THE VOW ARTHUR LEMMING HAD MADE...
...TO STOP THOSE PERSECUTING HIS WIFE!

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER FIGURE WITH DEFINITE INTENT MOVING AMIDST THE CHAOS...

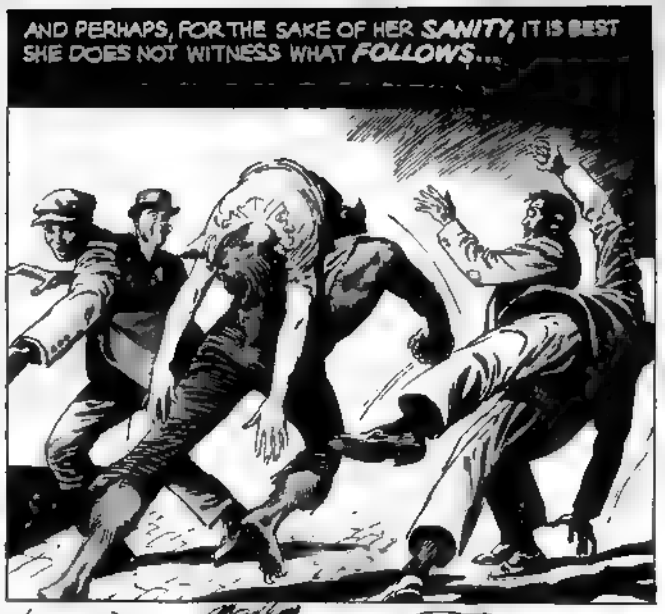

...THE EXECUTIONER!


THE EXECUTIONER HURLS THE HOOD FROM HIS FACE...
NO! IT CAN'T BE....!

...GOODMAN BLACKER!

AYE WITCH! YOUR FELLOW TOWNSPEOPLE NEAR PUT ME TO DEATH, THINKING ME A NECROMANCER...
...BUT BY THE RIGHTEOUS MIGHT OF THE LORD I WAS SPARED SO THAT I MIGHT PURSUE THIS EVIL YET ANOTHER DAY.
AND PURSUE IT I SHALL...
...THIS TIME TO DESTROY IT!
BUT AS BLACKER STOPS TO UNSHEATHE HIS SILVER RAPIER..
RARRGH!

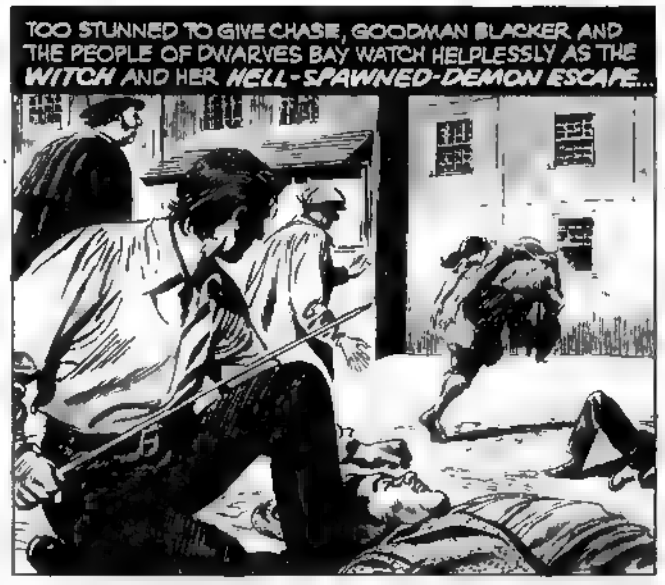
TERRIFIED BY THE ACTIONS OF THE BEAST... LITTLE REALIZING IT IS ATTEMPTING HER RESCUE, ANGELA LEMMING SWOONS...


AND PERHAPS, FOR THE SAKE OF HER SANITY, IT IS BEST SHE DOES NOT WITNESS WHAT FOLLOWS...

YOWLLLP!

FIEND FROM HELL! YOU WON'T SCAPE ME AGAIN... YOU CAN'T!

ARRRRRRR!
NO


TOO STUNNED TO GIVE CHASE, GOODMAN BLACKER AND THE PEOPLE OF DWARVES BAY WATCH HELPLESSLY AS THE WITCH AND HER HELL-SPAWNED-DEMON ESCAPE...

SOME FAIR DISTANCE FROM THE TOWN, AND A SEEMING ETERNITY LATER...
ARTHUR...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT... PLEASE, YOU MUST BE ALL RIGHT.
UNNNNHHH!
ANGELA... I-IS THAT YOU? WHERE ARE WE? WHY THE BANDAGES?
WE ESCAPED! I CAN STILL SCARCELY BELIEVE THAT CREATURE WAS YOU. I BANDAGED YOU WHERE THAT AWFUL BLACKER PERSON CUT YOU.
ANGELA ABOUT MY CHANGING INTO THAT CREATURE... I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE! I-I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED BUT I REALIZE THAT THIS IS WHY YOU TURNED FROM ME... I MUST HAVE ACTED STRANGELY...
IT'S TRUE ARTHUR, BUT I STILL LOVED YOU... STILL LOVE YOU EVEN NOW... AND YOU...YOU CAME BACK TO SAVE ME...
YES ANGELA... I LOVE YOU TOO, MORE THAN I CAN SAY...IF ONLY I WASN'T DAMNED WITH THIS...
DON'T!! DON'T SAY IT NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND EACH OTHER AGAIN! WE'LL FIND A WAY TO OVERCOME THIS AWFUL CURSE!
KISS ME, ARTHUR! LOVE ME...!
OH DARLING, WON'T IT BE WONDERFUL! WE CAN MAKE A WHOLE NEW START.
YES ANGELA, YES A WHOLE...
...NEW...
STARRROOOWLLL!
FOR ARTHUR LEMMING, THE MAN WITH THE WEREWOLF'S CURSE, THERE CAN BE NO NEW BEGINNING... FOR ARTHUR LEMMING THERE CAN BE ONLY...
THE END

STORY: RICH MARGOPOULOS / ART: PAUL NEARY

WINGED THINGS THAT HARDLY QUALIFY AS BIRDS... WHEEL ABOVE THE CRAGGY HEIGHTS!

BUT THEY ARE BEYOND HUNTER'S NOTICE... AS A RIPTIDE OF MEMORIES SUDDENLY CRUSHES THE EX-SCOUT EARTHWARD!

2001 A.D.! IT WAS THE TURN OF THE CENTURY... AND WAR CAME WITH IT!

SCHVOOOM!

ANNIHILATION CAME SWIFT IN THE FORM OF SHRIEKING N-BOMBS...

...AND SLOW AS BILLOWING CLOUDS OF DEADLY FALL-OUT SWEPT THE SKY!

WHILE MANKIND COLLECTIVELY TOTTERED ON THE EVE OF DESTRUCTION... A NEW THREAT MADE ITSELF KNOWN!

LET US FOLLOW HIS TURBULENT STREAM-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS, AND GO BACK...

...BACK...

...TO THE DARKEST OF ALL BEGINNINGS!

INTENSE RADIATION IN THE BLAST-ZONES GENETICALLY CHANGED HUMANS INTO SOMETHING ELSE... SOMETHING OTHER THAN HUMAN...

THEY BECAME MUTANTS... AND THEY CHANGED...

...CHANGING TO WHAT EVENTUALLY EARNED THEM THE NAME "DEMON" BY THE SUPERSTITIOUS REMNANTS OF MANKIND!

OBSERVE THESE THREE, WITH METALLIC SCALES GLITTERING OPULENTLY UNDER A COLD MOON... SWAYING IN THE EUPHORIC GRIP OF A MIND-MERGE!

MUTANT MENTAL-FORCE IS GENERATED AND QUICKLY BUILDS UPON ITSELF... POWER TO IGNITE... TO LEVITATE...

...OR POWER TO DO... THIS!

ESPER ENERGY IS UNLEASHED AT A FLEEING HUMAN IN THE GUISE OF A FLICKERING BRAIN-BLAST...

...A LETHAL LASH OF THOUGHT-WAVES THAT SUCCEEDS IN STOPPING THE RUNNER BY EXPLODING HIS MIND INTO... NOTHINGNESS!

KOKOKZZZT!

TWO SUCH *DIVERSE* CULTURES AS *MUTANT* AND *HUMAN* COULD NOT LONG ENDURE *SIDE-BY-SIDE*...

AND SO, AS IF *DECREED* BY THE GODS, *BLOOD* AGAIN FLOWED AFTER A BRIEF 50-YEAR *DISCOVERY PERIOD*... WITH THE INCEPTION OF...

...THE DEMON WARS!

REPTILIAN HORDES SURGED FROM THEIR ATOM-SCORCHED *HOT SPOTS*... ONLY TO *DASH* THEMSELVES AGAINST THE RAZOR-BEAKED *BORDER CAVALRY!*

WITNESS...SWORDS *SINGING* THROUGH THE AIR... *RINGING* AGAINST STEEL...RIPPING AND HACKING BOTH *SCALE* AND *SKIN!!* PARROT-JAWS CLACKING *INSANELY*, ADDING TO THE *SCREAMS* OF THE DEAD, DAMNED AND DYING!

WITNESS... *SLAUGHTER!*

BUT AWAY FROM THE *RAGING CONFLICT* IN AN ADJACENT *VALLEY*...

..IN THE *FOREST-HEMMED* FARMHOUSE OF *JAMES* AND *ELIZABETH HUNTER*...

SOMETHING'S *WRONG*, JIM! *BUTCHIE'S* BARKING UP A FIT!

I'LL GET MY *CUDGEL!*

...WHERE A *HOUND'S* FRANTIC *YELPS* SEEK TO DEFEND THIS *RUSTIC* SETTING!

BLASTED *DROUGHT* MUST BE FORCING *GOD-KNOWS-WHAT* DOWN FROM THE HILLS AGAIN!

INK-DARK SHADOWS DETACHED *THEMSELVES* FROM THE NIGHT!

THEN *THREE* EVENTS OCCURRED ALMOST *SIMULTANEOUSLY*...

THE *PURPLISH* ARC OF A *ZAP BEAM* SPOKE ONCE!

ZZZZZ-ZAP

Y-Y-YELP!

AND THE *FAITHFUL* CANINE TERMED *"BUTCHIE"* DEPARTED THIS *BRAVE NEW WORLD!*

AROOF! WOOF-WOOF!

I TRUST YOU KNOW WHAT THIS ZEE GUN CAN DO, HUMAN... OR MUST I GIVE A SECOND DEMONSTRATION?

BUT HOW THOUGHTLESS! PROPER DECORUM DICTATES A FORMAL INTRODUCTION!

I AM GENERAL OFPHAL! AND I SEEK ESCAPE!

MY REGIMENTS HAVE BEEN DEFEATED... MY ARMY IS DEAD. BUT MY DEFEAT WILL NOT BE TOTAL! YOU WILL GIVE ME FRESH MOUNTS!

WHAT? HELP YOU? THE DEVIL'S OWN SPAWN AGAINST MY OWN KIND?

No!

SOMEHOW, HUMAN, I KNEW THAT WOULD BE YOUR ANSWER...

A TERSE COMMAND FROM GENERAL OFPHAL AND JAMES HUNTER PERISHED PROTECTING BOTH THE HOUSE THAT WAS HIS...

JIM!!

...AND THE WOMAN HE SO DEARLY LOVED!

BUT, THE HUSBAND'S FATE MAY HAVE BEEN MORE MERCIFUL ...AS THE WIFE FOUND HER TIME IN HELL JUST COMMENCING!

CLAWED HANDS PUSHED AND SHOVED AND PRODDED! ELIZABETH'S TUNIC WAS ROUGHLY PLUCKED AWAY... LOST AMID THE STUNNED CONFUSION...

...REVEALING FEMALE PERFECTION NAKED IN THE FIRELIGHT. A GODDESS BESET, RADIATING UNSPEAKABLE LOVELINESS...

FATE RESIGNED ITSELF FOR THE STRUGGLING VICTIM, AS THE DEMONS CRUDELY, ANIMALISTICALLY, THRUST THEMSELVES UPON HER... ENACTING A PARODY OF HUMAN LOVE-MAKING...

...THAT SEEMED TO GO ON AND ON, TORTURINGLY, WITH NO CONCEIVABLE END...

AHH! YOU YIELD MUCH PLEASURE!
BUT, DON'T AVERT YOUR GAZE AS I SPEAK, WENCH!
IT IS IMPOLITE!
BUT NO MATTER! TIME NECESSITATES I MUST DEPART ... AND LINK FORCES WITH COL-PLITH'S NORTHERN RESERVES!
FAREWELL, MY LUCKY LADY!
FOR AN UNKNOWN TIME, THE WOMAN UPON THE RUMPLED SHEET-SKINS DARED NOT STIR...
...AS THE ROOM ABOUT HER FILLED WITH EMPTINESS...
YET, SHE BORE THE NAME OF HUNTER, DID SHE NOT? A BODY MAY BE RAPED...BUT NOT THE SOUL!
ELIZABETH LIVED ...AND BY LIVING ... ENDURED!
...WHILE THE SEASONS, AS ALWAYS, PASSED ON...
SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN A BROKEN PERSON AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS... IF NOT FOR A SMALL SPARK OF GOODNESS...
...AN UNTAMABLE HALF-BREED SON... HER DEMON-CONCEIVED CHILD...
DEMIAN?
I KNOW YOU'RE HIDING SOMEWH... OH, YOU STARTLED ME FOR A SECOND!
IT'S STRANGE, MOTHER .. BUT I FEEL SAFER UP HERE THAN BACK BY THE FARM!
WHY CAN'T YOU PLAY AT HOME... INSTEAD OF THESE FOR-SAKEN HILLS?
IT'S...KINDA FUNNY... LIKE A TINGLING FEEL-ING IN MY STOMACH!

IT TOOK *TIME*, BUT EVENTUALLY ELIZABETH REALIZED THAT A CHANGE WAS OVERTAKING HER SON... THAT THE *DEMON HALF* OF HER CHILD WAS *SURFACING*.

THE SOCIAL SHIFT IN HER SON WAS *HARD* TO ACCEPT... EVEN *HARDER* THAN THE *SOCIAL STIGMA* OF DISCRIMINATION... ATTACHED TO ALL WHO *DARED* TO BE *DIFFERENT!*

WE SHOULD FEEL *SORRY* FOR THEM, *DEMIAN!* THEY FEAR AND HURT *EVERYTHING* THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND!

THEY'RE COMING BACK, MOTHER ..JUST LIKE THE *LAST* TIME!

IT *WASN'T* SO MUCH THE FACT THAT HER SON WAS FORCED TO BE *ALONE* THAT SADDENED THE *STILL ATTRACTIVE* WIDOW...

...BUT *RATHER* ALL HIS GAMES CONSISTED OF *FIGHTING* AND *DEATH!*

FOR THE LAST TIME, *SINNER*...STAY *OUTTA* TOWN! AN' TAKE THAT CURSED *DEVIL CHILD* WIT'CHA!

DEATH, HOWEVER, HAD NEVER *TRULY* TOUCHED *DEMIAN* UNTIL THE NIGHT THE *MOTTLED POX* CLAIMED THE ONE HE CARED FOR MOST...

HE WANTED TO BE *BRAVE*... FIGHTING BACK THE TEARS THAT *GLEAMED* SO WETLY... BUT HE COULD *NOT*...

SHE WAS *DEAD!*

HE GAVE HER A *RESTING PLACE* NEXT TO A *FATHER* HE NEVER KNEW!

THE *TEARS* HE HAD FOUGHT AGAINST SO LONG *FINALLY* WELLED FORTH...

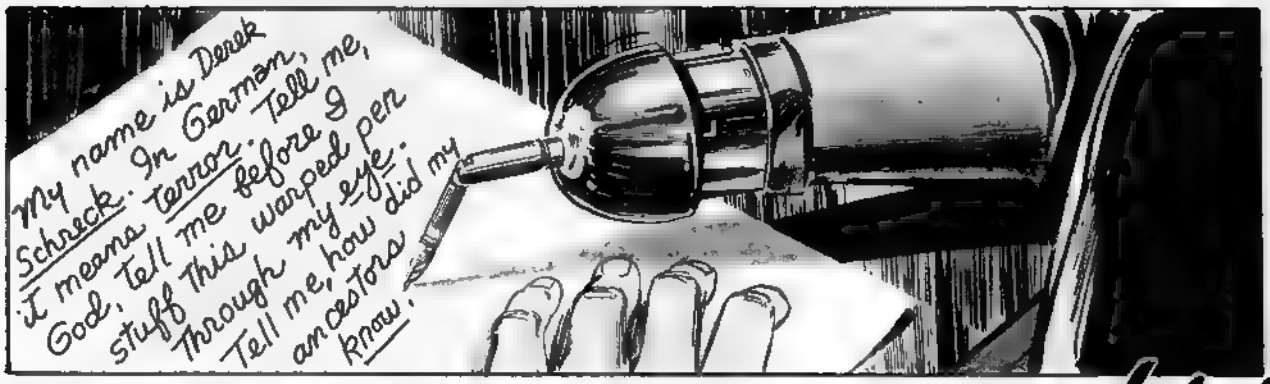
...FORCING HIM TO ESCAPE THE SOURCE OF HIS *AGONY*... AND FIND SOLACE IN THE DISTANT *HIGHLANDS!*

THE EBON NIGHT DISCOVERED THE ORPHAN UNDER A SWOLLEN MOON ...HURLING FUTILE CURSES AT THE GODS FOR CREATING A WORLD OF UNFAIRNESS!
...AND THE HEAVENS, IT IS SAID, WEPT WITH HIM!
HUNTER IS A MERE 15!
SPURNING CIVILIZATION, THE HALF-BREED RETREATED TO A MOUNTAIN CAVE...LIVING OFF THE WILD WASTELAND!
HE FELT THE UNIVERSE TO BE EVIL ...AND BEING PART OF REALITY, FOUND HIMSELF LIKEWISE CORRUPT!
HE MUST FORGET HIS PAINFUL PAST, BURY IT FAR AND DEEP... OR BE STRICKEN WITH MADNESS!
BUT...HOW?
THE QUESTION ANSWERED ITSELF...WITH THE MUFFLED PATTER OF TALONS AND SUBDUED VOICES ALERT FOR UNEXPECTED DANGER!
CAVALRY!
HO, LAD!
THAT'S THE EASIEST WAY TO GET KILLED... SURPRISING US LIKE THAT!
COULDN'T BE HELPED, CAPTAIN! I HAD TO STOP YOU THE QUICKEST WAY I KNEW. IN ORDER TO VOLUNTEER!
HMM! ISN'T EVERY DAY SOMEONE WITH DEMON'S BLOOD WANTS TO SIGN ON!
AW, GIVE THE KID A BREAK, CAP'N! WE HALF-BREEDS MAKE THE BEST SCOUTS, AN' YOU KNOW IT!
VERY WELL, SGT. JAGGER! TRAIN HIM AS A REPLACEMENT! HE'LL BE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY!
HEAR THAT, KID? YOU'RE IN!
LEMME GIVE YOU A BOOST UP!
MUCH DEBT TO YOU, SARGEANT!

"DON'T GO THANKIN' ME YET! ONCE THE TRAINING STARTS, YOU'LL HATE MY GUTS!"
NOW DON'T CHOKE UP ON THE STAFF, KID! HOLD IT LIKE THAT! YEAH, THAT'S IT!
YOU MOVE SO FAST... LIKE BEING IN MANY PLACES AT ONCE! LET'S TRY IT AGAIN... OKAY, SERGEANT?
BLOCKED ME... BUT, NOT FOR LONG!
WHACK
CALL ME JAGGER! BUT YOU'RE NOT CONCENTRATING... DEFENSES ARE WIDE OPEN! SEE WHAT I MEAN?
GIVE UP?
NO! THAT'S SOMETHING I'VE DONE MY ENTIRE LIFE...
WHUMP!
DAYS SLIPPED INTO WEEKS... WEEKS LAPSED INTO MONTHS!
...SOMETHING... THAT'S STOPPING... RIGHT NOW!
AND, AS THE ARDUOUS TRAINING CONTINUED... A BARBARIAN-LIKE YOUTH BECAME A MAN!
...AND THE MAN, ALAS, BECAME KILLER!
TIME FOR YOUR BAPTISM-OF-FIRE, KID!
WE'RE GOIN' ON A FORAY TONIGHT... JUST THE TWO OF US!
ACCORDIN' TO THE LOCAL NOMADS... THIS STRATEGIC PASS IS UNGUARDED!
IT'S OUR JOB TO MAKE SURE IT IS! 'CAUSE IF IT AIN'T... WE'LL BE WALKIN' SMACK INTO...
SOUNDS ... UHNN... GOOD!

A TRAP!
SEARCHLIGHTS GOT US NAILED... LIKE WINGLESS FLIES ON A WALL!
I'LL TAKE MY STAND HERE, KID ...I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF WHILE YOU GET AWAY!
NO, JAGGER! MY PLACE IS AT YOUR SIDE!
HAH! THE SO-CALLED COMMANDOS SQUAWK LIKE SLOW-THINKING CYCLOCHICKS!
...MAKING IT ALL THE EASIER TO SLAY THEM WITH THIS CON-CRUSH-ION GRENADE!
SSSTT!
TIME... IN LAYERED INSTANTS!
ONE...
...TWO...
...THREE...
...AND DEATH!
CAUGHT THAT ONE... RIGHT IN THE CHEST...
KRUMP!
DON'T TRY TO TAKE THE TWO OF 'EM YOURSELF, KID! IT'S SUICIDE...
...KID?
BUT HEARING NO LONGER MATTERED! NOTHING DID...
...SAVE EXPLOSIVE ACTION...
...ACTION THAT CAUSES A LENS TO SHATTER... AND A LIFE TO FAIL!
ANOTHER BOMB! BUT I'LL MAKE YOU DROP IT, DEMON...
...AND USE YOUR STILL-LIVING BODY AS A CUSHION TO ABSORB THE BLAST!
BA-PHUMP!

LIKE A MACHINE, HE ROSE... JAGGER'S SKILL BRED INTO EVERY MOVEMENT!
LIKE A ROBOT, HE SLEW, BUT FOUND NO ELATION IN THE HEIGHT OF BATTLE, ONLY RESPITE FROM A TORTURED PAST!
YES, THESE ARE THE MEMORIES OF DEMON HUNTER! SOME ARE PIECED TOGETHER FROM SCANNER-TAPES FROM THE OLD MUSEUMS...OTHERS ARE GATHERED FROM FIRST-HAND EXPERIENCE...
BUT ALL ARE FRAUGHT WITH A SENSE OF TRAGEDY...
PERHAPS THAT IS WHY HUNTER SO OFTEN ASKS ...IS THERE NO JUSTICE?
THE DEMON WARS ARE LONG SINCE OVER. THERE CAN BE NO REAL VICTORY ...NOT UNTIL THE HALF-BREED TRIUMPHS OVER HIMSELF!
...AND NEVER REMAINS LONG ENOUGH TO RECEIVE AN ANSWER.
AND THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN... FOR NO MAN WISHES TO CONFRONT THE WICKEDNESS THAT DWELLS INSIDE US ALL!



SCHRECK: first night of TERROR!

IT JUST *HAD* TO HAPPEN UNDER A FULL MOON. BUT IT WAS A JOKE I COULDN'T *LAUGH* AT...

...NOT WITH A DOZEN *LUNATICS* RINGING ME IN A CIRCLE OF DROOLING, GIBBERING *INSANITY!*

AT THAT MOMENT, I REMEMBER THINKING OF MYSELF AS THE EYE OF A HURRICANE...AN EYE OF CALMNESS AND ORDER WHICH FOUND A MAELSTROM OF DESTRUCTION EVERYWHERE IT *LOOKED*.

WHY DID I HAVE TO BE THE LUCKY ONE? WHY WAS *I* SPARED THE MADNESS? WHY COULDN'T I BE ONE OF *THEM*, SLOBBERING WITH DEMENTED GLEE AT THE PROSPECT OF JOYFULLY RIPPING A MAN APART...?

WHY DID I HAVE TO BE *SANE*... THE MAN WHO WOULD SOON *BE RIPPED APART...?*

STORY: DOUG MOENCH / ART: VINCENTE ALCAZAR and NEAL ADAMS

THEY HAD ENOUGH SENSE TO KNOW THAT BY CONVERGING ON ME IN UNISON, THE CIRCLE WOULD *TIGHTEN*... ULTIMATELY *CHOKING* ME...

BECAUSE I COULDN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF THEIR GHASTLY EYES... FILMED WITH GELID WHITE... I LOOKED TO THE *GROUND*...

...AND SAW THE SPLINTERED *BOARD!*

BULLETIN ON THE *AP* WIRE, LEE...AND NOT A *PRETTY* ONE! FLARE ON THE *MOON*. A *BIG* FLARE!

HO-LEE SHI...

CHRIST KNOWS I WAS *DESPERATE*... AND EVEN A SHABBY 2x4 *BOARD* LOOKS GOOD IN DESPERATION. I SNATCHED IT UP...

...JUST AS ONE OF THE LOONIES LET OUT WITH A WHOOP AND DECIDED TO *POUNCE!*

CHRIST, LEE! HOW DO WE HANDLE SOMETHING LIKE THIS... I MEAN, THE *IMPLICATIONS*... MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T PRINT...

NOT ON YOUR *LIFE*, SCHRECK! THIS IS THE BIGGEST THING TO HIT THE FAN SINCE *HIROSHIMA*...

...AND IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MINUTE THAT WE'RE GONNA *SOFT-PEDDLE* IT.

LOU GEHRIG I *WASN'T*...

...BUT JUST THE SAME, I DID A FAIR JOB OF SMASHING THE LOONIE'S *FACE* OUT THE BACK OF HIS *HEAD*...

SKRUNCH!

...WHILE THE *OTHERS* SHRIEKED IN BERSERK *RAGE!*

BULLETIN! A SERIES OF SEVEN MORE FLASHES... MAXIMUM INTENSITY... ALL OCCURRING JUST SOUTH OF THE *COPERNICUS CRATER!*

THAT *PIN-POINTS* IT! IT'S THE *CHINESE BASE*...

YEAH... AND IT'S CERTAINLY NO *ROUTINE* NUCLEAR TEST!

THEIR STRIDENT WAILING PIERCED THE NIGHT! IT WAS LIKE A *SIGNAL*... FOR THEM TO *LUNGE* ... AND FOR ME TO *PRAY*.

PRAY, WHILE I SPLIT ONE LUNATIC'S *SKULL* WITH THE BOARD, AND KICKED ANOTHER'S GUTS INTO HIS *BACKBONE*.

"JESUS, LEE, IT'S CHAOS! U.P.I. SAYS THE CHINESE BASE MUST HAVE ASSUMED OUR BASE ATTACKED THEM... THEY'RE CAUGHT IN A CHAIN-REACTION... AND THEY'VE RETALIATED!"

"SHUT UP, SCHRECK, JUST SHUT UP AND PREPARE THAT HEADLINE!"

HAD I STOPPED TO THINK ABOUT IT, I WOULD HAVE DECIDED ESCAPE WAS *IMPOSSIBLE*. BUT ALL RATIONAL THINKING WAS ECLIPSED BY THE ASSAULT OF MADNESS...

...AND I MERELY *REACTED*.. VAULTING OVER THE FALLING BODY OF ONE MANIAC WHILE SWINGING THE CLUB INTO THE FACE OF *ANOTHER*, HOPING TO DRIVE THE SHARP CARTILAGE OF HIS NOSE INTO HIS *BRAIN*.

WELL, SCHRECK, ALL YOUR *ECOLOGY-SQUAWKERS* NEVER ANTICIPATED *THIS*, DID THEY? WITH THEIR WHINING ABOUT SCREWING UP THE EARTH WITH BOMB TESTS... *"TAKE THE BOMB UP TO THE MOON...TEST UP THERE,"* THEY SAID! HOPE THEY'RE *HAPPY* NOW!

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, LEE, WOULD YOU HAVE WANTED THIS TO HAPPEN HERE ON *EARTH*?

BUT I'LL NEVER *KNOW* WHETHER OR NOT I SKEWERED HIS BRAIN... BECAUSE THERE WAS A HORDE OF INSENATE *MURDERERS* PURSUING ME...

...AND EVEN HAD I DARED PAUSE TO GLANCE BEHIND ME, THEY WOULD HAVE ALL LOOKED *ALIKE!*

MORE FLASHES HAVE BEEN SIGHTED, LEE! BOTH BASES ARE ***ANNIHILATED!*** THE MOST MASSIVE DETONATION OF NUCLEAR POWER IN HISTORY! DOWN HERE, IT WOULD'VE BEEN ENOUGH TO KILL EVERY LIVING THING ON EARTH ***TEN TIMES OVER!***

STOP LOOKING AT ME, SCHRECK! EVER SINCE THIS HAPPENED YOU'VE BEEN ACTING LIKE IT'S ALL ***MY*** FAULT! DO I REPRESENT THE DECADENT ***OLDER GENERATION*** TO YOU OR ***WHAT?***

THEIR ***MINDS*** MIGHT HAVE BEEN CRIPPLED WITH INSANITY, BUT THEIR FEET WERE DEFINITELY HEALTHY. IN FACT, IT SEEMED TO ME THAT THEIR STRENGTH HAD BEEN ***MULTIPLIED*** BY THE FRAME...

I JUST HOPED MY ***FEAR*** WOULD PROVE STRONGER THAN THEIR MADNESS... AND RAN LIKE HELL FOR THE CAR AHEAD.

NO, IT'S NOT THAT, LEE! JUST THAT I'M ***WORRIED!*** I MEAN, HOW LONG CAN IT TAKE BEFORE THE RADIATION EMANATING FROM THE MOON ***REACHES*** US... AND WHAT EFFECT WILL IT HAVE...?

I... DON'T KNOW, SCHRECK. WISH TO GOD I ***DID!*** BUT I JUST DON'T ***KNOW!***

I REACHED THE CAR FIRST, BUT ONE OF THEM MUST HAVE BEEN A TRACK STAR IN MORE ***COHERENT*** DAYS...

...HE REACHED ME BEFORE I COULD ***ENTER***...

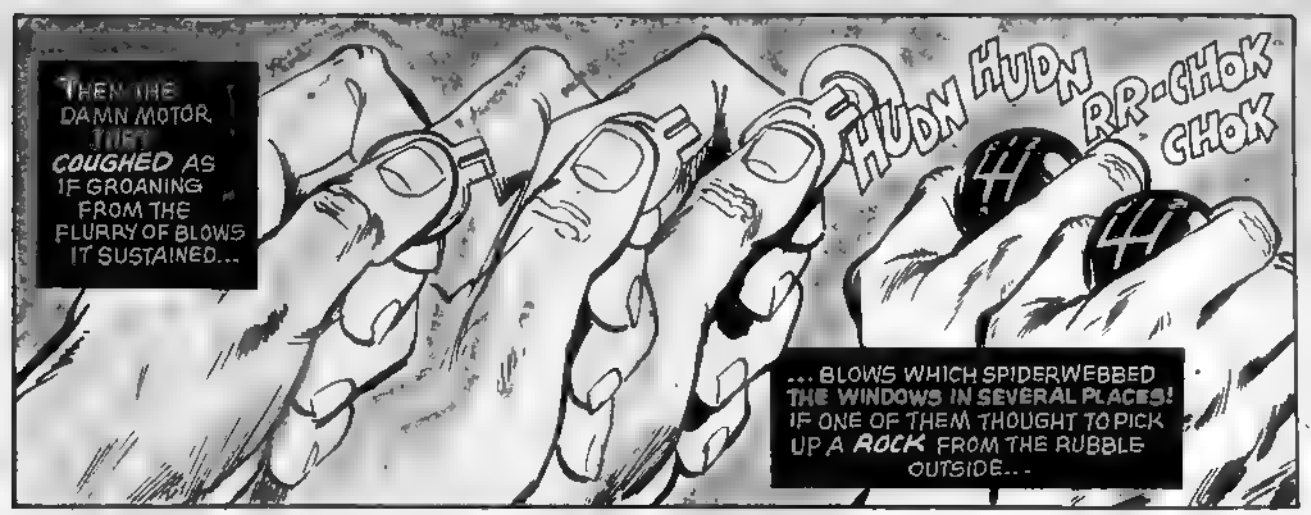
...SO I HAD TO ***DELAY*** ENTERING -- UNTIL I HAD BLASTED A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD OUT OF HIS ***HEAD.***

THERE WERE ONLY ***SECONDS*** TO GET IN THE CAR...

...SO I GOT ***IN***...

...AND LOCKED THE ***DOORS*** WITH TREMBLING FINGERS WHILE THE MAD MOB ***SWARMED*** OVER THE CAR...

I WONDERED HOW LONG THE WINDOWS COULD WITHSTAND THEIR MINDLESS BARRAGE OF BEATING, BLEEDING FISTS...


THEN THE DAMN MOTOR JUST COUGHED AS IF GROANING FROM THE FLURRY OF BLOWS IT SUSTAINED...
HUDN HUDN
RR-CHOK CHOK
... BLOWS WHICH SPIDERWEBBED THE WINDOWS IN SEVERAL PLACES! IF ONE OF THEM THOUGHT TO PICK UP A ROCK FROM THE RUBBLE OUTSIDE...

BUT I COULDN'T PURSUE THAT LINE OF THOUGHT. FURIOUSLY, I PUMPED THE ACCELERATOR, KNOWING THAT IT WOULD EITHER START... OR FLOOD. IT STARTED!
VVRROOM!
I STOMPED THAT ACCELERATOR AS IF IT WERE ONE OF THE LUNATICS' SNARLING FACES AND THE CAR SURGED FORWARD...SPEWING LOONIES LEFT AND RIGHT WITH THE FORCE OF ITS MOMENTUM...

...AND ONCE STARTED, I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO STOP FOR ANYTHING!
WHUDDUMPH!
...NOT EVEN FOR THE BARRICADE OF PILED DEBRIS WHICH LOOMED AHEAD LIKE A DRUNKENLY-SPUN SPIDER'S WEB...

BRASH!
PLOWING THROUGH THAT KALEIDOSCOPE OF SPEWING DEBRIS, I FELT A STRANGE SENSE OF EXHILERATION! AS IF I HAD SMASHED ASIDE ONE MORE BARRIER SEPARATING ME FROM PAULA...AND AS IF I WOULD NOW BE ABLE TO PENETRATE ANY BARRIER WHICH MIGHT LIE BETWEEN HER AND ME...

WELL, SCHRECK, THAT'S ***ANOTHER*** NIGHT'S WORK DONE... SOMETIMES I WONDER IF THE NIGHT SHIFT'S ***WORTH*** THE PAY DIFFERENTIAL...

SOMETIMES I WONDER IF COMING TO WORK AT ***ALL*** IS WORTH IT! THE INSANITY PLAGUE'S REACHING ***EPIDEMIC*** PROPORTIONS. WHY SPEND THE LAST DAYS OF OUR SANITY ***WORKING?***

YEAH... WELL G'NIGHT! MY BEST TO PAULA!

DAILY NEW BUILDING

AFTER THE BARRICADE, THINGS PRETTY WELL COOLED OUT FOR A WHILE. I SLOWED TO CRUISING SPEED, MY MIND SPINNING THROUGH ***NUMBNESS***...

I PASSED ANOTHER CRUCIFIXION... THIRD I'D SEEN THAT WEEK...AND WONDERED HOW THE LOONIES KNEW THAT THE POOR GUY HAD BEEN A ***SCIENTIST***...

HE WASN'T ORIENTAL...***ALL*** ORIENTALS WERE CHINESE TO THEM AND THEREFORE ***RESPONSIBLE*** FOR THE MADNESS...AND REGULAR SANES LIKE ME, THEY JUST ***RIPPED APART.***

SO HE ***MUST*** HAVE BEEN A SCIENTIST TO MERIT THE ELABORATE EXECUTION OF THE ***CROSS.***

PAULA, I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO OUT ANY MORE! ESPECIALLY AT ***NIGHT!*** THE RADIATION FROM THE MOON'S NOT REALLY ANY ***WORSE*** AT NIGHT, BUT IT SEEMS TO HAVE A ***PSYCHOLOGICAL*** EFFECT!

THE PAPER'S ***SWAMPED*** WITH REPORTS OF PSYCHOSOMATIC LYCANTHROPY!

I'LL GET THE FOOD AND WHATEVER ELSE WE NEED!

I DROVE PAST A HOUSE GUTTING ITSELF WITH FLAME. A LOT OF THE LOONIES HAD TAKEN TO IMMOLATING ***THEMSELVES*** AND OFTEN THEIR ***HOMES*** IN THE BARGAIN! I WONDERED WHETHER ANYONE WAS STILL MANNING THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!

I DROVE ON, CONTEMPLATING PAULA'S DISAPPOINTMENT THAT I'D BEEN UNABLE TO MAKE IT THROUGH TO THE FOOD STORE... AND HER RELIEF THAT AT LEAST I'D MADE IT BACK ***ALIVE.***

LEE, DOES IT SEEM TO YOU THAT GAV'S EYES ARE GOING WHITE?
MAYBE ..BUT I DON'T HAVE IT IN ME TO TURN HIM IN. NONE OF US ARE GETTIN' MUCH SLEEP THESE DAYS... AND I'D HATE TO GET REPORTED TO THE EUTHANASIA BUREAU JUST BECAUSE I WAS BLEARY-EYED!
SLEEP HAD BEEN A LUXORY I COULDN'T CATCH FOR DAYS ON END...
...AND DRIVING THROUGH A CITY GONE MAD, FEELING SECURE IN MY CAR, I FINALLY LAPSED INTO A REVERIE...
...A REVERIE WHICH WAS SHATTERED WITH THE FORCE OF A BOMB... AS A HAND OF STEEL SPURTED FROM THE BACK SEAT TO CLAMP AROUND MY THROAT!
I WHIRLED IN A PANIC...
...TO FACE A MASK OF LEERING, GRINNING LUNACY... ARMED WITH THE DADDY OF ALL PIGSTICKERS...
...AND TO HIM, I WAS A PIG! TO ME, HE WAS TO BE STOPPED..! EVEN AT THE RISK OF ABANDONING THE STEERING WHEEL...
...REGARDLESS OF THE CONSEQUENCES.
ALTHOUGH THE MUSCLES OF MY CHEST AND ARMS BEGAN TO FEEL LIKE RUBBERBANDS STRETCHED TO THE SNAPPING POINT...
...I MANAGED TO TWIST THE KNIFE AWAY FROM ME.

AND THAT'S WHEN THE CAR STOPPED...
...WRAPPED AROUND A TREE!
SKRASH!
AT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT, THE LUNATIC'S HEAD WAS SNAPPED FORWARD...
...AND INERTIA SLAMMED HIS THROAT ONTO HIS OWN BLADE!
I WAS SHAKEN, BUT THE BLOOD SPATTERING ME INDICATED NOTHING BUT THE DEATH OF ANOTHER LOONIE...
OMIGOD, LEE, WE SHOULD'VE REPORTED HIM!! WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM GET SO FAR!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE...IF THE EUTHANASIA SQUAD KILLED HIM, OR HE DID THE JOB HIMSELF!
HAD I BEEN A SCIENTIST... AND NOT YET CRUCIFIED... I MIGHT'VE BEEN ABLE TO ANALYZE THE LUNATIC'S BLOOD WHICH DRENCHED MY CLOTHES...
...I MIGHT'VE BEEN ABLE TO FIND THE IRREGULARITY IN THE BLOOD WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE KEY TO AN ANTIDOTE...
...BUT THEY HAD BETTER MEN THAN ME SEARCHING FOR THAT KEY, AND THE DOOR STILL REMAINED LOCKED, SO I MERELY SHUFFLED DOWN THE ROAD...
...IN THE DIRECTION OF PAULA.
SINCE I'D RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION LONG BEFORE THEY'D POURED FROM THE DARKNESS OF ALLEYS AND GANGWAYS TO SURROUND ME, I FULLY EXPECTED TROUBLE BEFORE I REACHED HOME...
...MY GUN WAS USELESS, MY CAR A TWISTED DERELICT, AND MY LUCK GENERALLY RUNS LIKE THAT.

BUT STILL BEING ALIVE... AND SANE... SAID MORE FOR MY LUCK THAN I WAS WILLING TO CONCEDE... OR DID IT?
ANYWAY, I MADE IT, DRAWN LIKE A MOTH TO THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW... THE LIGHT LIT BY PAULA...
... THE LIGHT WHICH SUDDENLY BLINKED OUT.
SOMEHOW, THE ABSENCE OF THAT LIGHT DREW THE MOTH IN... ME EVEN FASTER...
...AND FILLED ME WITH AN UNDEFINABLE SENSE OF APPREHENSION.
PAULA, WHY'D YOU TURN THE LIGHT OUT?
COME IN, DEREK... I WANT TO...
...MAKE LOVE, DEREK. LET'S MAKE LOVE RIGHT NOW. I'VE BEEN WAITING SO LONG FOR YOU TO GET BACK...
LET'S KEEP THE LIGHTS OUT, DEREK...LIKE WE USED TO WHEN WE FIRST MET...
DON'T YOU EVEN WANT TO KNOW ... WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT?
NOT NOW, DEREK, NOT NOW.
DEREK, WHY DO YOU THINK WE'RE IMMUNE TO IT WHEN ALMOST EVERYONE HAS SUCCUMBED?
I DON'T KNOW! HIGHER RESISTANCE TO THE RADIATION...ODD METABOLISM...I REALLY DON'T KNOW. WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S JUST FLUKE!

MAYBE IT WAS JUST THE LINGERING EFFECT OF ALL I'D BEEN THROUGH THAT NIGHT... BUT I REALLY WASN'T IN THE *MOOD* FOR LOVING...

...A *RARE* CONDITION FOR ME ESPECIALLY SINCE PAULA WAS SO EAGER...

LET'S MAKE LOVE, DEREK... AS IF WE'LL NEVER MAKE LOVE *AGAIN!*

WHAT HAPPENS, DEREK...IF ONE OF US... GETS THE *PLAGUE?*

WHATEVER HAPPENS, LET'S *ALLOW* IT TO HAPPEN WITHOUT HAVING SPOILED THE TIME *BEFORE* IT BY DWELLING ON SUCH QUESTIONS!

WE DID AS PAULA WISHED, SUMMING UP THE ENTIRE EXPERIENCE OF OUR MARRIAGE IN ONE LONG NIGHT OF FEELING WHICH REACHED *DEEPER* THAN SKIN UPON SKIN...

... *AFTER* WHICH I FINALLY CAUGHT THE LUXORY OF SLEEP...

...BUT SLEEP WAS SOMETHING WHICH *RESENTED* CAPTIVITY...AND SOON *ESCAPED* FROM ME...

...LEAVING ME TO AWAKE *ALONE.*

PAULA..?

THE HOUSE WAS STILL DARK ...AND *SILENT.* IT WASN'T LIKE PAULA TO GET UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...

...AND SIT SOMEWHERE IN THE *DARK.*

PAULA, ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT?*

I PADDED TO THE WALL LIGHT SWITCH, HAVING RECEIVED NOTHING BUT *SILENCE* IN RETURN FOR MY CONCERN...

I SWITCHED ON THE *LIGHT*...

...AND WITH BLUDGEONING *HORROR*, SAW THE ANSWERS TO MY QUESTIONS...

...REFLECTED IN THE MADNESS-SWIRLED FACE OF MY *WIFE*...

HER EYES HAD GONE *WHITE!*

CLICK

AND THE MEAT CLEAVER RAISED OVER HER HEAD SLASHED DOWN IN A GLINTING BLUR I'LL NEVER *FORGET*...

YAHH!

...SEVERING MY *RIGHT HAND* IN ONE *EXCRUCIATINGLY CLEAN* BLOW!

THE BLOOD *GUSHED* WHERE ONCE MY HAND HAD BEEN...

AND THOUGH MY SIGHT *DIMMED*, I SAW QUITE *VIVIDLY* A SCENE OF JABBERING DEMENTIA..! PAULA, GIGGLING IN A HIGH, TRILLING VOICE, RUNNING NAKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT...TO JOIN HER *FLOCK!*

I WAS *LOSING* IT FAST...AND BEING RESTRICTED TO ONE HAND WHILE KINDLING THE FIRE DIDN'T *HELP* MUCH...

BUT FINALLY THE FIRE WAS *READY* ...EVEN IF *I* STILL LACKED THE *COURAGE* TO BE READY...

AHHH!
ONE MORE LOOK AT THE WELTERING GOUTS OF BLOOD PUMPING FROM MY WRIST STUMP GAVE ME ALL THE COURAGE I NEEDED...
I PLUNGED MY WRIST INTO THE CRACKLING FLAMES... AND HELD IT THERE LONG ENOUGH TO CAUTERIZE THE STUMP...
...WHICH STAUNCHED THE BLOOD FLOW AND SEALED THE WOUND...
...AND ALSO BROUGHT OBLIVION...
THE FIRE WAS MERELY SMOLDERING WHEN I AWOKE...
...AND SOMEONE HAD BEEN TO VISIT ME
YOU ARE SAME, DEREK SCHRECK, AND WE LIKE SAVE PEOPLE TO SHOW US THEIR BLOOD ALL OVER.
FINDING ME ASLEEP, THEY'D LEFT A MESSAGE... SCRAWLED ON THE WALL IN MY OWN BLOOD.
THEN I SPUN TO HAUNTING LAUGHTER, DEEP THROATY LAUGHTER... PAULA HAD COME HOME... AND SHE'D RETRIEVED HER MEAT CLEAVER...
PAULA, MY GOD! PUT THAT DOWN! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING...!
THE DOOR CREAKED AS IT SWUNG FULLY OPEN... AND LEE GREETED ME WITH A BIG SMILE.
HE AND PAULA NOW HAVE MUCH IN COMMON...
HAHAHAHAHA...! IT'S... OVER... FOR YOU... SCHRECK... ALL... OVER...!
But it was far from over! You think with a name like Schreck... Terror that I'd get out of this world so easily? No WAY! Lee and his crazies would make sure this was only my first night of TERROR!

THE DETECTIVES ASSEMBLED IN THE INSPECTOR RAMSEY'S OFFICE THAT CHILL OCTOBER EVENING WERE ALL *CALLOUS MEN*... TOUGHENED THROUGH *YEARS* OF DEALING WITH THE CITY'S DARK UNDERSIDE. THEY HAD ALL WITNESSED TERRIBLE THINGS. BUT THE SUBJECT OF *THIS NIGHTS'* SECRET MEETING FILLED THEM WITH A SICK LOATHING THAT DEFIED PROFESSIONAL OBJECTIVITY.

SPAWN of the DREAD THING

A FATHOM HAUNT ADVENTURE

...AND THIS IS THE *LAST* OF THE *VICTIMS!* FEMALE CAUCASION, AGE TWENTY-THREE, CAUSE OF DEATH... *DECAPITATION!*

ALL RIGHT MEN, TURN THAT DAMN THING *OFF!* NOW AS *WEIRD* AS THIS CASE *IS* THERE'S A STRIKING *SIMILARITY* TO UGLY EVENTS OF SOME YEARS AGO. I'VE ASKED THE CHIEF INSPECTOR OF *THAT TIME* TO JOIN US THIS EVENING... *INSPECTOR MAC BAINE!*

GHASTLY BUSINESS!

YES...WELL, I'LL TRY TO BE OF WHATEVER *HELP* I CAN... BUT...

YOU ARE TOO *MODEST* INSPECTOR, AFTER ALL YOU ARE CREDITED WITH *SOLVING* THE CASE.

OFFICIAL RECORDS ARE OFTEN *LESS* THAN *ACCURATE*, INSPECTOR. YOUR INFORMATION IS INCORRECT ON TWO COUNTS. FIRST, THE CASE WAS *NEVER* REALLY *SOLVED*. RATHER THE MURDERS *CEASED!* THE FIEND WAS *NEVER* APPREHENDED.

THE MAN WHO ENDED THAT REIN OF TERROR WAS CERTAINLY *NOT* MYSELF. HIS NAME, HE SAID, WAS *FATHOM HAUNT*.

I NEVER SAW OR HEARD FROM HAUNT AGAIN. AND BY NOW I SHOULD IMAGINE HE HAS LONG SINCE GONE TO HIS *GRAVE*... FOR I WAS A VERY YOUNG MAN WHEN HE WAS MIDDLE AGED.

RUMORS OF MY DEATH ARE MUCH *OVERRATED*, MAC. GOOD *EVENING GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE YOU WERE EXPECTING ME.*

MY NAME IS *FATHOM HAUNT!*

STORY AND ART: TOM SUTTON

I GET IT. YOU'RE HIS SON!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
YOU ARE CORRECT, INSPECTOR, IN ASSUMING THESE RECENT CRIMES ARE LINKED TO THE UNSAVORY EVENTS OF TIME PAST.
I PROPOSE YOU ALLOW MACBAINE AND I TO UNDERTAKE A SEPARATE INVESTIGATION OF OUR OWN.
WE MIGHT ...AH... GET LUCKY AGAIN.
MR. HAUNT, YOUR SUDDEN APPEARANCE AND FAMILIARITY WITH THIS CASE ARE MATTERS THAT YOU CAN BE SURE THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE LOOKING INTO!
INSPECTOR MAC BAINE SEEMS TO THINK YOU CAN BE OF SOME HELP...
YES...THANK YOU, RAMSEY. MR. HAUNT AND I WILL BE ON OUR WAY NOW!
CAN IT REALLY BE YOU...UNCHANGED AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?
YES, OLD FRIEND, IT IS MOST CERTAINLY I.
POLICE
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I WISH I COULD BUT...
MAC, REMEMBER THAT I ONCE SPOKE OF THE DREAD THING? THE DARK AND TERRIBLE ENTITY FROM WITHOUT ...FROM THE TIME BEFORE MEN... WHEN THINGS ROAMED THE SHADOWY EARTH...
THE DREAD THING! BY GOD, IT IS YOU! NO OTHER MAN EVER KNEW WHAT WE FOUGHT THAT AWFUL NIGHT SO LONG AGO!
THE DREAD THING IS BACK?
YES! AND THE WOMEN YOU FOUND, THEY WERE AS BEFORE?
ALL OF THEM! EVERY ONE IN THE FIRST STAGE OF PREGNANCY.
AND THE HEAD SEVERED, THE EXPRESSION VACANT AS IF THE SOUL HAD FLED BEFORE THE MURDER?
JUST AS BEFORE! GHASTLY!
THE DREAD THING IS AGAIN ATTEMPTING TO PROPAGATE HIS OWN KIND UPON THE EARTH
NO DOUBT IT WILL EVENTUALLY COME TO LIGHT THAT THESE YOUNG WOMEN ALL SHARED CERTAIN BAD DREAMS OR HALUCINATION IN COMMON... BUT THAT IS NO MATTER NOW!
COME! MY HOUSE IS JUST AHEAD.
YOU HAVE A HOUSE IN THE CITY? BUT HOW...
MAC, AS BEFORE, I WOULD WARN YOU...THE LESS YOU KNOW OF FATHOM HAUNT THE SOUNDER YOU WILL SLEEP. TRUST ME AND I'LL NOT FAIL YOU.

DURING HIS LONG CAREER, EX-CHIEF INSPECTOR MACBAINE HAD KNOWN EVERY PART OF HIS CITY BUT SOMEWHERE DOWN THE WINDING TWISTED BACK STREETS WHERE HAUNT NOW LED HIM HE MUST HAVE LOST DIRECTION...
...HERE WHERE THE WET FOG CLUNG CLOSE, HERE WAS A PLACE HE HAD NEVER KNOWN.
BUT MACBAINE KNEW THAT TO FOLLOW FATHOM HAUNT WAS TO SUSPEND BELIEF IN THE FAMILIAR ORDER OF THINGS.
IT MUST BE ANCIENT ...YET THERE'S NOT THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF DECAY!
WE ARE VERY OLD, THIS HOUSE AND I.
T'S FANTASTIC.
IT'S QUITE COMFORT-ABLE!
THIS OLD HOUSE HAS SEEN MANY STRANGE THINGS... BUT NONE MORE EXTRAORDINARY THAN THAT WHICH WE SHALL CAUSE TO OCCUR THIS NIGHT!
K'N-YAN WINE, MAC. A RARE VINTAGE OF THE BLUE LITTEN CAVERN WORLDS... TO GIVE US STRENGTH.
THE KNAKOTIC LAMP! I WELL REMEMBER THAT NIGHTMARE TH NG! MUST WE ?
COURAGE OLD WARRIOR, OUR WAY IS CLEARLY WRITTEN.
THERE FOLLOWED A BRIEF READING FROM SEVERAL LEATHER AND BRASS BOUND BOOKS OF GREAT ANTIQUITY.
CONSIDER THIS PHENOMENOM A KIND OF GATE OPENING UPON OTHER WORLDS. KEEP CLEAR OF THE...
WHO DARES CALL THE SERVANTS OF HE WHOSE NAME MUST EVER REMA.N UNSPOKEN?
GOD'S THEETH!

THE DEAD WOMEN... CHANGED... EVIL!
THEY ARE POSSESSED! KEEP AWAY, MAC!
COME FORTH AND MEET THY FIERY ETERNAL END!
SOMETHING'S GOT AHOLD OF ME! N-N-NOOO!
THIS ONE IS OURS!
MAC BAINE! YOUR CARELESSNESS MAY PROVE THE UNDOING OF US BOTH.
...FOR I HAVE DRIVEN DOWN THE HORDES OF CTHULHU...
BEWARE, CHANGED ONES...
...DEFIED THE EAON-FEARED OLD ONES...
... FATHOM HAUNT HAS NAUGHT BUT CONTEMPT FOR YOUR PETTY POWERS!
THUS BECALMED YOU SHALL REMAIN INTACT THROUGH THE TERROR EVEN NOW UPON US, MAC.
I KNOW YOU, FATHOM HAUNT. THIS TIME YOU GO TOO FAR! ...ENTERING MY DOMAIN WITH A HUMAN SOUL... HE SHALL BE MINE!
I-I'M LOSING MY MIND! IT'S ALL MADNESS... A UNIVERSE GONE MAD!
BEFORE YOUR SANITY RETREATS TOO FAR I'LL ENVELOPE YOU IN A GLOBE OF SECURITY. BE AT PEACE, OLD FRIEND.
THIS IS AN AWARE ONE, MASTER. THIS ONE KNOWS THE WORDS OF THE MAD ARAB!
BLUSTER TO THOSE WHO CRINGE IN YOUR COVEN, DREAD THING!
I, WHO HAVE KNOWN YOU AND WORSE THAN YOU, AM REVOLTED, TRUE... ...BUT NOT AFRAID!
CHOKE, BEAST... ON YOUR OWN DAMNING WORDS... AS REVEALED IN THE NECRONOMICON! AGAR SABOATH ALMOUSIN-METRATON!

THEN IN THE LAST FLEETING INSTANT A GREAT GUST OF FOUL AIR, A SUDDEN BLINDING LIGHT AND...
WE ARE GONE, FATHOM HAUNT! BUT THE CHILDREN ...THE CHILDREN SHALL WALK AMONG YOU!
MY HEAD... IT WAS A NIGHTMARE! WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU MET THE ENEMY, OLD WARRIOR!... ...THE ENEMY OF US ALL!
HAUNT, THOSE LAST TERRIBLE WORDS. THE CHILDREN SHALL WALK AMONG US?
DAMN! I SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT AT ONCE! THE CHILDREN... THE SPAWN OF THE DREAD THING!
BUT THEY'RE DEAD AND BURIED! YOU CAN'T MEAN...
BY KLON! MAC BAINE, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I WONDER WHY I BOTHER TO INTERCEDE FOR THE HUMAN RACE!
COME, BREW US THE RED TEA OF THE CANTON SCHOLARS. THERE IS LITTLE TIME AND MUCH TO BE LEARNED!
AND AS ONCE BEFORE, A STURDY AND MORE THAN SLIGHTLY BEFUDDLED INSPECTOR OF POLICE BREWED TEA FOR A WIZARD WHO'S TRUE PURPOSE MIGHT FOREVER REMAIN A MYSTERY.
CLOSE YOUR MIND IF YOU WISH, BUT CLOSE YOUR MOUTH ALSO. YOU KNOW NOT OF WHAT YOU SPEAK!
TIME PASSED... AND NOW TIME WAS ALSO THE ENEMY.
LOOK, FATHOM I HATE TO DISTURB YOUR READING BUT...
BUT YOU WANT SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL TO REPORT. TELL ME, DO I STILL HAVE YOUR TRUST?
YES! IT SEEMS FAITH IN YOUR POWERS IS ALL WE HAVE LEFT.
WELL SAID! NOW HERE IS WHAT YOU ARE TO DO...

WHILE MAC-BAINE ENLISTS POLICE AID, FATHOM HAUNT SETS TO WORK AMID NOT UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS.
FORTUNATELY ALL THE MURDERED WOMEN ARE BURIED IN THIS ONE CEMETARY. IT IS WELL THAT I AM ALONE FOR THIS. MAC'S POOR HEAD HAS ENOUGH TO FORGET.
RAA VIN ORDAIN! IN THE NAME OF THE DARK BROTHERHOOD I CALL FORTH THE SPAWN OF THE DREAD THING!
N'TARN-VE-TENN! IT IS THE TIME OF YOUR AWAKENING!
ISSUE FORTH FROM THE GRAVE THAT IS YOUR WOMB, CURSED ABOMINATION!
SO! THE SON HAS THE SAME LOATHSOME NATURE AS THE PARENT!
BY MY OATH! THE DREAD THINGS PRODIGY IS BORN MORE THAN CAPABLE OF ENFORCING HIS FATHERS BLACK RULE!
MAC BAINE...! UNGH! ... WHERE ARE YOU WHEN I NEED YOU? NOTRA VORAS... THE STINK OF THE THING GAGGING ME...

SUDDENLY THE BLACK OF NIGHT IS REVERSED TO A BLINDING NOON OF EYE-SEARING INTENSITY.
MAGNESIUM FLARES! MAC DIDN'T FAIL ME!
THE POLICE DERIGIBLE MUST MAINTAIN THE BOMBARDMENT WHILST I CONJURE...
IT IS WELL WRITTEN THINGS DAMNED BORN OF NIGHT FALL BY DAY'S WHOLESOME LIGHT...
BUT WAIT! THE GROUND OPENING BELOW...
NO!

SO! A BROTHERHOOD OF DEVILS! THE FLARES WON'T HOLD THEM FOR LONG!
BEGONE SEED OF EVIL!
BY ALL IN MY POWER I COMMAND IT!
YARL-NYARLATHOTED SLAN YI-TROG!
AS IF CAUGHT UP IN A TEMPEST, THE SATANIC SIBLINGS ARE SWEPT INTO THE DARKEST DEPTHS OF THE NIGHT SKY!
THE DAY WILL COME, FATHOM HAUNT, WHEN YOU WILL REGRET MEDDLING IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE DREAD THING!!

HAUNT! WHAT HAPPENED? WE WERE BLINDED BY THE FLARES!
IT IS OVER ...FOR NOW!
SEE HERE, MR. HAUNT! I'VE A REPORT TO SUBMIT ON ALL THIS. THERE ARE ALL THESE EMPTY GRAVES... TO SAY NOTHING OF THE FACT THAT WE HAVE STILL NOT APPREHENDED THE FIEND! I MUST WRITE SOMETHING!
WRITE THIS INSPECTOR... "THEY SAY FOUL BEINGS OF OLD TIMES STILL LURK IN DARK FORGOTTEN CORNERS OF THE WORLD, AND GATES STILL GAPE TO LOOSE, ON CERTAIN NIGHTS, SHAPES PENT IN HELL."
WHAT GIBBERISH IS THIS?! HAUNT? MAC BAINE?
GOODNIGHT, INSPECTOR!
THEY... THEY'VE VANISHED!
WHAT IN THE SAM HILL HAVE YOU DONE TO US NOW?
MEERLY TRANSPORTING US AWAY FROM A BOOR BY THE BEST METHOD AVAILABLE, MAC!
AND NOW MY BUSINESS WITH THIS DISMAL WORLD OF YOURS IS OVER... BUT FOR A SINGULAR BIT OF FOLLY I'VE BEEN PROMISING MYSELF, GOODNIGHT MAC.
WHAT TH'...
AH, PORTIA, THE MOON AND THE STARS GROW EVER JEALOUS OF YOUR BEAUTY. LET US HASTEN AWAY BEFORE THEIR ENVY BECOMES EXCESSIVE!
OH MY, OH MY! I THINK I LOVE YOU.
COME, WE MUST'NT WASTE A MOMENT.
YES, WE MUST HURRY. ...LOVE IS FLEETING.
HE... HE AIN'T HUMAN!
YOU'RE DEAD WRONG THERE, LADDY!
FATHOM HAUNT IS MORE HUMAN THAN HE HIMSELF THINKS!
HUMAN ENOUGH TO LEAVE ME HOLDING THE SHORT END OF THE STICK AGAIN...
AND SO FATHOM HAUNT VANISHES INTO THE SUNSET... NEVER TO BE HEARD FROM AGAIN... ...OR APPEARS NOT UNTIL SOME NEW MENACE THREATENS THE WORLD
SO THERE YOU HAVE IT, LITTLE GHOULIES... ANOTHER EERIE ISSUE WITH THE MUMMY, THE WEREWOLF, HUNTER SCHRECK AND THE FATHOM HAUNT! ALL MY EERIE SUPER-STARS!
DROP ME A LINE, LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU THINK OF THEM! I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU.

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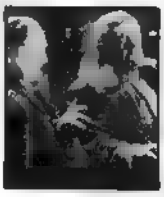

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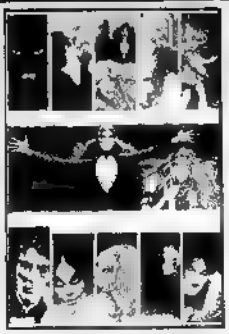

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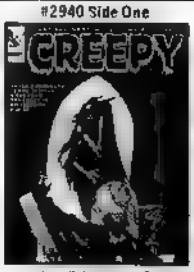

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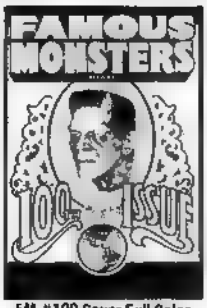

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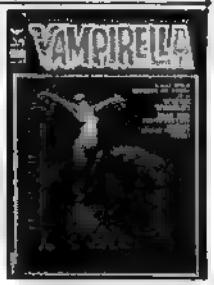

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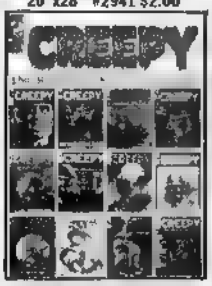

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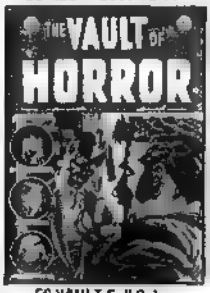

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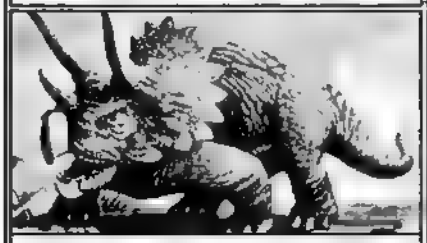

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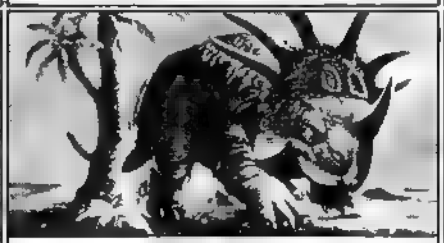

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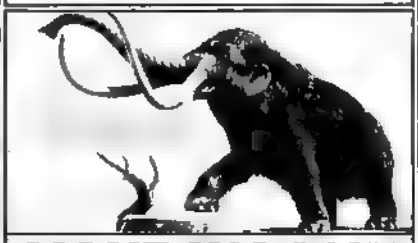

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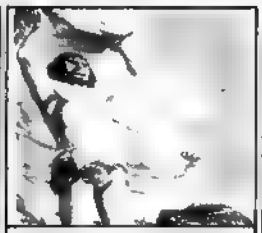

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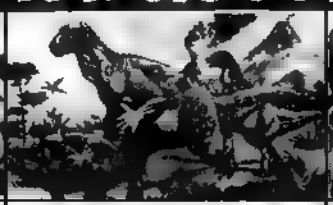

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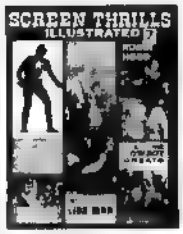

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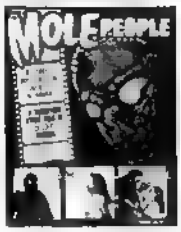

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TWO VAMPIRELLA'S STUN 5,500 AT 1973 COMIC ART CONVENTION

By Gerry Boudreau

Together for the first time . . . **Cheech Wizard, Big Barda, the Demon, Batman, the Ghost Rider, Ming the Merciless, Spiderman, Two-Face, Elric, Mr. Mind**, and not one but **two** devastating VAMPIRELLAS! Where did this historic congregation take place? In some secret secluded fortress in the Arctic? In the warped imagination of some desperate comic book writer? No, at the Hotel Commodore, on East 42nd Street in downtown New York City.

The occasion was the Sixth Annual **New York Comic Art Convention**, highlighted by a colorful costume parade which, in imagination and splendor, rivals the Macy's Thanksgiving Day outings! (Well, almost!)

Although first prize honors went to Corlandt Hull as Ming the Merciless, who captured the image of the villainous tyrant flawlessly, it was undoubtedly the two Vampirellas who captured the hearts of the 5500 fans gathered for the five-day affair.

The first of them was a well-proportioned brunette actress, known professionally as **Destiny**, who is as ravishing as **Vampi** herself. The other was everybody's favorite fan, 14½ year old **Heidi Saha**, whose distinguished costume was one of the three grand-prize winners.

Judges for the event were artists **Jeff Jones, Sergio Aragones** and **Tom Fagan**, chairman of the annual Halloween parade in Rutland, Vermont . . . which is also known for its influx of bizarre and colorful costumes. Their task was made especially difficult by the number of unique and worthy entries which included, in addition to the already mentioned comic luminaries, the golden age Green Lantern, the Joker, J. Jonah Jameson, The Marquis deSaad, Darkseid and the Juggernaut.

Among the other highlights of the Fourth of July convention was a panel on **war comics**, specifically **Warren Magazines' Blazing Combat**. The panel featured artist **Russ Heath**, writer-editor of Blazing Combat **Archie Goodwin**, and publisher **James Warren** himself. The panel explored the attitude of the public toward war (or anti-war) comics at the time, and explained several of the factors behind the magazine's untimely demise. This was augmented by a slide show featuring the art of **Russ Heath**, and projected a number of original pages from the magazine before its appreciative audience.

Another panel brought the industry's writers to the fore to reveal all the professional secrets they had promised themselves they would never tell. These included **Warren** writers **Steve Skeates, Marty Pasko, Gerry Boudreau** and **John David Warner**, along with the industry's other veterans . . . **Mike Friedrich, Steve Englehart, Elliot Maggin**, and **E. Nelson Bridwell.**

Also included in the five day program were a number of films which delighted both comic and science-fiction fans. These included the **Beatles'** animated feature "Yellow Submarine", **Stanley Kubrick's** "2001: A Space Odyssey", **The Marx Brothers** "Room Service" and several vintage science fiction flicks: "The Day the Earth Stood Still", "Three Worlds of Gulliver", **George Pal's** "War of the Worlds", "King Kong", and the original Batman serial.

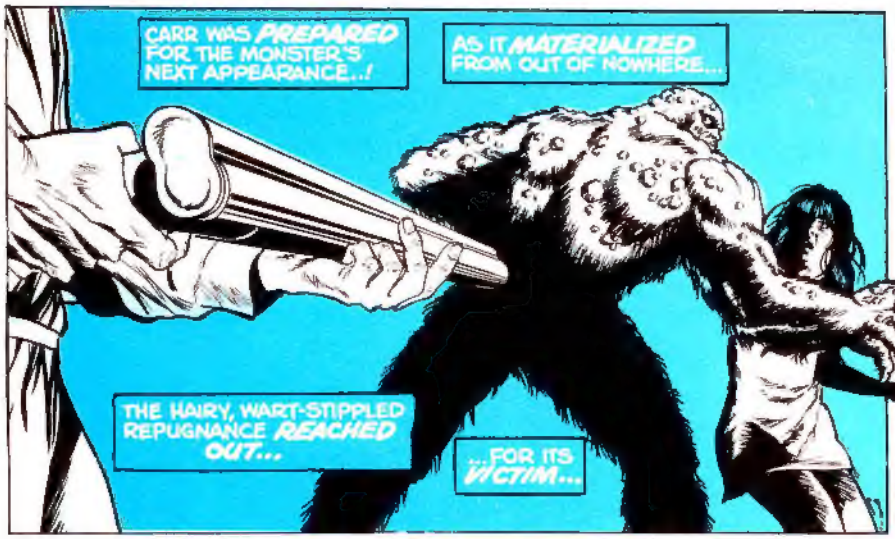
Intermingled with these outstanding events were seminars, panels, auctions, exhibits, and the usual buying and selling of comic magazines, one of the most overlooked but most important functions of the conventions.

The conventions themselves originated some six years ago when Brooklyn comics dealer **Phil Seuling** created the first Annual New York Comic Art Convention for an attending 750 people. Now the attending membership has grown to 5500, with thousands of supporters unable to be there in person.

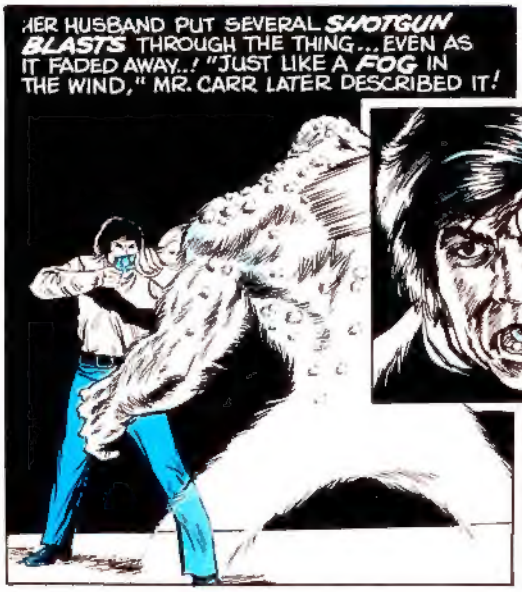
Who knows—next year there may be **fifty** VAMPIRELLAS appearing in the costume parade! If they are nearly as impressive as this year's entries (and I'm sure they will be), you are likely to see 5500 comic fans with bloodshot eyes when you consider the stares that only **two** drew!

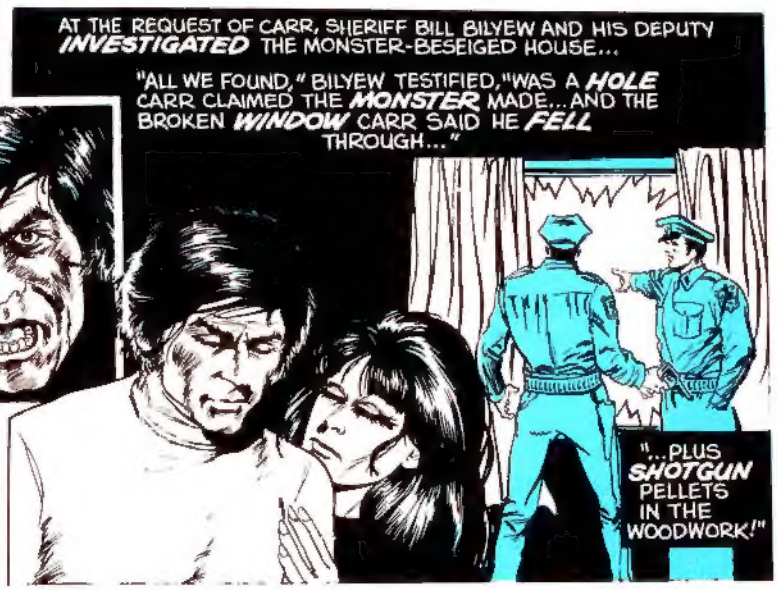
Miss Angelique Trouvere, actress-turned-vampire, uses the stage name, Destiny. When she appeared in her VAMPIRELLA costume at the 1973 Comic Art Convention, she was the hit of the show!

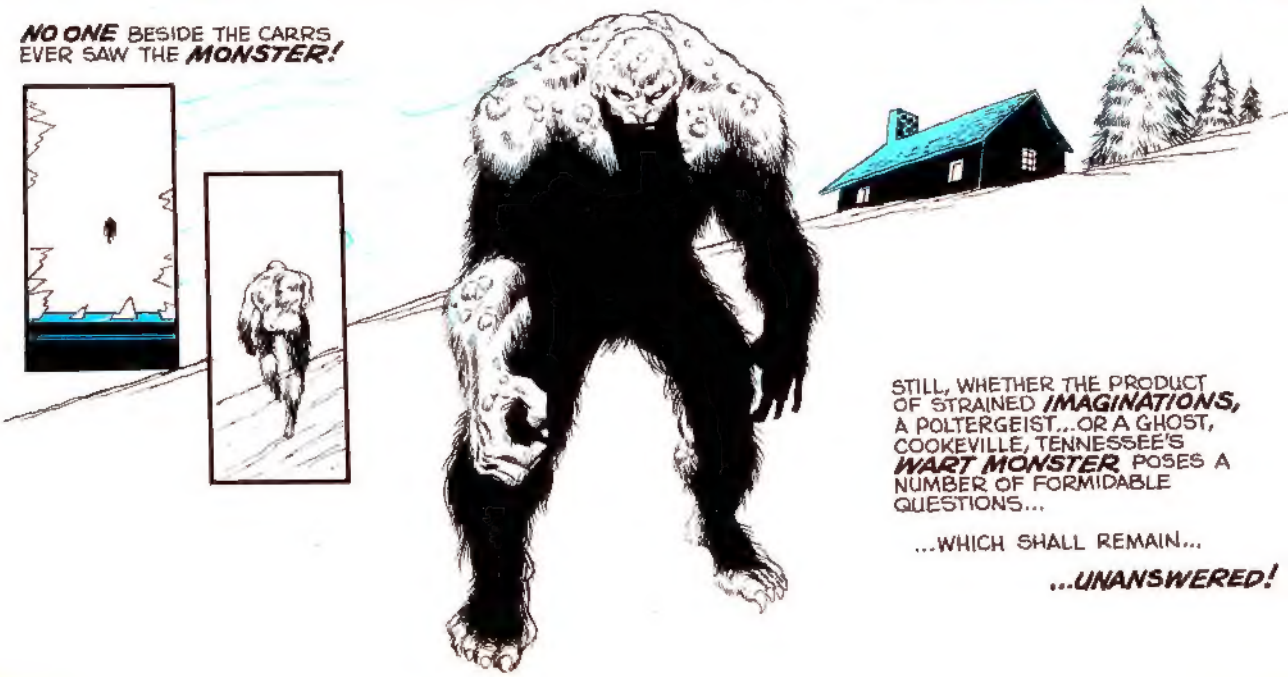
Miss Heidi Saha, a 14½-year-old comic fan, caused quite a stir at the Hotel Commodore when she made her entrance in her award-winning VAMPIRELLA costume. It was like having Vampi come to life!


CARR WAS PREPARED FOR THE MONSTER'S NEXT APPEARANCE...!
AS IT MATERIALIZED FROM OUT OF NOWHERE...
THE HAIRY, WART-STIPPLED REPUGNANCE REACHED OUT...
...FOR ITS VICTIM...

...MRS. CARR!

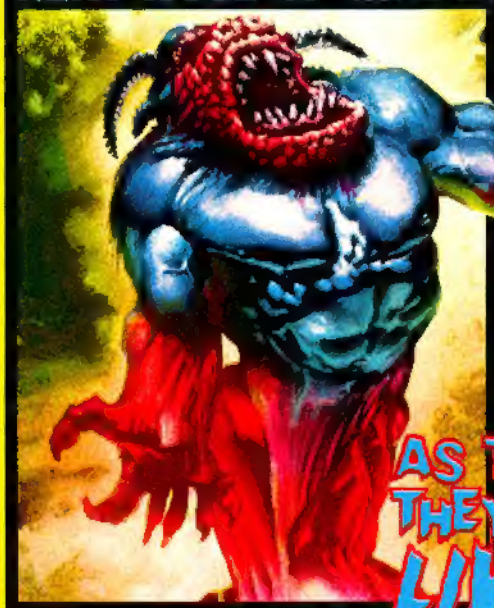

HER HUSBAND PUT SEVERAL SHOTGUN BLASTS THROUGH THE THING...EVEN AS IT FADED AWAY...! "JUST LIKE A FOG IN THE WIND," MR. CARR LATER DESCRIBED IT!


AT THE REQUEST OF CARR, SHERIFF BILL BILYEW AND HIS DEPUTY INVESTIGATED THE MONSTER-BESEIGED HOUSE...
"ALL WE FOUND," BILYEW TESTIFIED, "WAS A HOLE CARR CLAIMED THE MONSTER MADE...AND THE BROKEN WINDOW CARR SAID HE FELL THROUGH..."
"...PLUS SHOTGUN PELLETS IN THE WOODWORK!"


NO ONE BESIDE THE CARRS EVER SAW THE MONSTER!
STILL, WHETHER THE PRODUCT OF STRAINED IMAGINATIONS, A POLTERGEIST...OR A GHOST, COOKEVILLE, TENNESSEE'S WART MONSTER POSES A NUMBER OF FORMIDABLE QUESTIONS...
...WHICH SHALL REMAIN...
...UNANSWERED!

NEXT ISSUE OF VAMPIRELLA

He's young! He's beautiful! And he's in love! He's a demon from the lower depths, conjured up by a coven of witches. And he's been ordered to KILL!



AS THOUGH THEY WERE LIVING!

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE NOVEMBER 8th

COMING

MORE SUPER-ART, SUPER STORIES AND SUPER-COLOR FROM THE TALENTED BUT WARPED MIND OF RICH CORBEN!

AND SOON IN CREEPY:

He walks! He talks! He wets his bandages! He's just like a cuddly, do-everything Barby-doll! But he's a two-thousand-year-old mummy! And he guards ancient Egypt's richest treasures!

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DECEMBER 13th

TERROR TOMB